The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

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The Independent.

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Our Special Contributors.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

At last a blow has been struck which finds an echo in the heart of a whole nation! and will find an echo in the hearts of the whole civilized world The hour has come, and the man!

Fremont's proclamation has in it that genuine military ring—that martial directness, for which the heart of the people in disturbed times always longs. They long for the man without fear—whose sword divides all meshes of compromise, all fine-spun legal doubts and hesitancies—who is not afraid to take the responsibility of a thorough movement in a critical hour, and who does something splendid and decided, while the rest of the world are feebly and perplexedly making up their mind what to do.

Not often has the opportunity of so splendid a deed been given to any one mortal. To right wrong—to uphold law—to give liberty to the slave by one majestic declaration, is the privilege of one in centuries. Fremont has done it—and every heart through the nation leaps up at the news, as the human heart always leaps at what is grand and heroic.

It is true that we did welcome even the acute lawyerlike subtlety which, by naming the slave the contraband of war, took him ingeniously from the grasp of the oppressor. We forgave the fallacy of the figure for its benevolent ingenuity, and the heart of the North warmed toward Butler for using the fine weapons of legal diplomacy on the side of humanity.

All honor to Butler—for while he stooped to call the slave a thing, it was that he might use him as a man. He used the very terms of the Southern law which had stripped the negro of human personality and recorded him a chattel to build a fortress of protection around him, under whose shadow his human rights might be once more restored; and thousands of liberated slaves will bless the name of Butler to their latest day; and when he comes to a dying hour, we question whether all military glory will weigh so much in his eyes as the thought of the human beings he has restored to liberty and manhood.

But it is the noble prerogative of the military chieftain to declare law without subtlety or explanation. Fremont does not call the slave contraband of war. That position, advantageous and ingenious in its day, is now abandoned for higher vantage-ground. Fremont does not even speak of the slave as property. He makes the just distinction: the *property* of traitors he declares confiscated; their *slaves*, if they have any—free. There we have it, fair and square. Out goes his banner! down goes his glove! and if any one does not like it, let him try conclusions, sword with sword—that is all!

Earth shall not look on a sublimer sight than the army of the South and West, with freedom to the slave on its banner, as it shall roll majestically down the Mississippi, with the prayers of the oppressed rising like many waters for its success, and the songs of redeemed ones wakening like birds as it passes.

The hero of the golden gate who opened the doors of that splendid new California world, has long been predestined in the traditions of the slave as their coming liberator. "Fremont and liberty" are words that have been coupled in many a song before now—and Fremont has made good the augury. So far as we have seen and heard, this proclamation has met that universal response which the world always accords to a fitting deed done in the fullness of time.

We longed for a bold step—we sighed for a victory—and we have got it!

It was something to take the shores of North Carolina. Well and gallantly was it done. But this proclamation is a greater victory than that; it will carry with it a swing and impulse—a moral force, which will be felt through all nations.

This will be a burning test of the sincerity of those in foreign lands who have said, All our sympathies are with this war when we shall see that it emancipates the slave. Let us see if it proves so. Let us see if they who carped at Butler, though he freed thousands, because he used the legal technics of slave-law to do it, will now respond to the open trumpet-call of Fremont—declaring liberty at a breath to sixty thousand slaves!

Will they meet this great movement with generous sympathy, or with unworthy detraction? To us, now, the question matters little—to them a great deal. It will show to all the world what manner of spirit they are of!

Let us pray that this heroic declaration of Fremont's find its echo at once in the Eastern army. We have freed a great many slaves and got very little credit for it—we have freed them as it were under protest, by pretext, by ingenious subtleties—now, let us free them martially and with the high hand.

We have had a good lawyer for them, now let us have a good general. The heart of the nation longs to hear in the East just such a trumpet-call as we have heard from the West.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY REV. R. M. HATFIELD.

It has been ordained in heaven that whatsoever men sow, that shall they also reap. And this most righteous law holds nations no less than individuals in its grasp. In the case of individuals, the seed sown in the present life may ripen, and be reaped in eternity; but as nations exist only in this world, their seed-time and harvest must come nearer together. The present condition of our country is calculated to fill the heart of every patriotic citizen with sorrow and apprehension. Business is deranged, the pursuits of industry interrupted, the interests of education and religion almost crowded out of sight, while armies of infuriated rebels are dealing deadly blows at the very existence of our Government. The calamity that we have not feared has come upon us, and we are involved in a terrible and sanguinary war. We are becoming familiar with the confused noise, the sound of battle, and with the sight of garments rolled in blood. The heavens above us are clothed with blackness, and out of the thick clouds come hail-storms and coals of fire. And none can tell when these calamities will be overpast, and peace again

"He like a shaft of light across the land."

It is a time for serious and prayerful inquiry into the causes of our misfortunes. None but an atheist will claim that they are accidental, or deny that we suffer justly for our sins. But it is to be feared that many devout Christians fail to see the correspondence between the present condition of our nation and our past transgressions. We are now furnishing the world with an illustration of the truth that sin works out its own punishment. In other words, it is harvest time with us, and we are reaping as we have sowed. Inasmuch as we would sow seed of a certain kind, nothing but a miracle, and such a miracle as God never works, could avert the natural consequences of our folly.

We have been ready during our past history to make any and every concession to slavery. By as much as the monster grew arrogant and exacting, we became humble and submissive. Herod's vow to the holden who turned his head by her dancing, was not more rash or wicked than the pledges we have been ready to give to the harridan that has debauched our nation. The oath of Herod cost one good man his life—our fealty to slavery has sent thousands of good men to untimely graves. There is no exaggeration in this statement—for we have once and again unsheathed the sword, and glutted it with blood, for the extension and perpetuation of the "sum of all villainies." In illustration of this declaration, I need only call the attention of your readers to a single chapter in our nation's history. I cannot do more than glance at the subject, referring those who desire fuller information to Giddings's work on the *Crimes committed by our Government against the Maroons of Florida*. It is a narrative to make the ears of every American citizen tingle, and to redden his cheeks with shame,—and the more so because its facts are drawn from official and authentic documents.

Long before Florida became a part of the United States, it was an asylum for fugitive slaves. More than one hundred years ago large numbers of the Creek Indians separated from their nation and emigrated to Florida, where they took the name of Seminoles, and became an independent tribe. These Indians and fugitive slaves (Maroons) were enfranchised and protected by Spanish law, lived together on the most friendly terms, frequently intermarried, and were prosperous and happy. As a matter of course, the existence of such a community anywhere on the American continent would be a constant eyesore to the slaveholders of Georgia and the Carolinas. They therefore demanded that it should be broken up, and, failing in this, became clamorous for the annexation of Florida to the United States. As the Government did not move with satisfactory celerity in the matter, Georgia, with genuine Southern arrogance, raised an army on her own account, and carried fire and sword into the territory of a friendly nation with the view of exterminating the Seminoles, and reducing the escaped fugitives to slavery. These efforts were a signal failure, but they subsequently induced the United States to undertake the same work. In 1816 our Government sent a force into Florida, *sixty miles beyond the limits of the United States*, to crush these peaceable exiles. Many of these unoffending people had been born in the Seminole country, had always lived there, and were now dwelling in quietness, surrounded by their children and their children's children. On the approach of the United States forces, a company of them, numbering three hundred and thirty-four in all—men, women, and children—took shelter in a fort that had been built by the English during the recent war. Into this fort shot and shell were thrown till the magazine was fired and exploded. Of its inmates, *two hundred and seventy* were killed outright, *sixty-one* were wounded, and *three* escaped uninjured. Of these three, *two* were handed over to Indian allies for torture and death. The wounded who recovered were delivered to men who claimed them as slaves, or who claimed to have "*descended from planters who some three or four generations previously owned the ancestors of these prisoners.*" And more than twenty years afterward, Congress made a special appropriation to compensate the officers and soldiers who perpetrated this butchery. And here on the Appalachicola River was commenced the Florida war or rather wars, in which our nation squandered thirty or forty millions of dollars in money, and thousands of human lives.

Florida was purchased of Spain in 1819, and the Maroons and their friends the Seminoles were by this purchase brought fairly within the grasp of the United States. Soon after a treaty was made between the Creek Indians and our Government, in which the Indians were cheated as usual, and nearly half a million of money appropriated from the Treasury of the United States for the benefit of the slaveholders of Georgia. To a considerable part of this appropriation the slaveholders were unable to trump up any sort of a claim, and it remained unpaid for several years. But they at length attained it, by petition, from Congress, as a compensation "*for the loss of the offspring which the slaves would have borne to their masters had they remained in bondage.*" *A Christian nation indemnifies slaveholders for the loss of unborn children!* Does the history of any people, savage or civilized, contain the record of a more disgusting fact? It was decided a few years later that the Seminoles and free blacks should be expelled from Florida, and sent where they would no longer annoy the slaveholders. But it was no easy matter to carry this purpose into execution. The Indians clung to their homes and hunting grounds, and the Maroons were in constant dread of being reduced to slavery if they forsook the swamps and everglades in which they found freedom and variety.

While it was uncertain what course they would take, an incident occurred which opened a bloody drama upon which the curtain did not fall for seven long disastrous years. Young Osceola, a Seminole, had occasion to visit Fort King on a trading expedition. He was accompanied by his wife, a beautiful half-breed, to whom he had been recently married. While at the Fort, a trader, influenced by avarice or lust, seized the wife of Osceola on the ground that she was his slave. The fact that she had negro blood in her veins was apparent. The law pronounced her a slave, and she was torn from her husband and dragged away to a life of pollution and degradation. Osceola was furious with rage, and so turbulent that the officer at the fort ordered him into irons, where he was kept until he seemed subdued and penitent, when he was released. But there burned all the while deep down on his heart hot fires of hate and revenge, to be quenched only by blood. You, my reader, feel, perhaps, that it was very wicked in this poor savage to bind himself by an oath to take vengeance on the whites for the wrong he had suffered—and so, perhaps, it was—but how would you feel if his people should treat your wife as your people treated his? Only a short time after this occurrence at Fort King, the country was horrified by the massacre of Major Dade and his command, on their march from Tampa Bay. Of the thousands who heaped their denunciations upon the Indians, how few knew of the cruel injustice by which it had been provoked. My pen recoils from the work of tracing the progress of the war waged by a great and powerful nation against a handful of Seminoles, and a few scattered and peeled fugitives who had taken refuge in the swamps of Florida. Blood-hounds were ordered from Cuba, white flags were used as decoys, treachery and hypocrisy of the basest kind were resorted to in subjugating this despised foe.

And they were at length overpowered and sent beyond the Mississippi. But their merciless enemies still pursued them, and our Government utterly failed to extend to them the protection it had solemnly guaranteed, and on the strength of which they had consented to the removal. Our last definite knowledge of these poor fugitives is in 1850, when a majority of them, despairing of obtaining either justice or mercy from the United States, fled to Mexico, where they are said to be living in prosperity and happiness. "After the struggles and persecutions of a hundred and fifty years, they repose in comparative quiet under a Government which repudiates slavery." The Lord deal kindly with them, and give them rest from the oppressor.

But what a chapter this Florida war makes in the history of our country, especially as we read it in the light of events that are now transpiring! It is useless to deny that this war was waged in the interests of slavery, and at the dictation of slaveholders and slave-traders. And who that has faith in the Supreme Power whose prerogative it is to execute righteousness among the nations, can wonder that the measure we have meted to others is measured to us again? What right have we to complain if we are compelled to wring out and drink the dregs of the cup of trembling we prepared for the fugitives of Florida? The President has very properly appointed a national fast. Nothing can be more appropriate than that we should humble ourselves in view of our sins, and pray God to turn away his anger that we perish not. But penitence and prayer are not our only duties in the present emergency. The power that has corrupted our Government and made it an instrument of injustice and oppression, must be resisted and overthrown. And this work is to be done now or never. We have little faith in the prayers offered by those who counsel submission or concession in a time like the present. Unless we are so base and mean spirited as to be fit only for slavery, we can never succumb to the infernal spirit that aspires to rule or ruin our country. The struggle may be long-continued and costly, but submission is out of the question. While the free North can send one regiment of soldiers to the field, or raise a thousand dollars in money, she will listen to no proposals to abandon the righteous contest in which she is now engaged. Her sons have planted themselves in the "imminent deadly breach" to defend the heritage won by the valor and blood of patriot fathers. Every day the number grows larger of those who say,

"Ay, here we stand with planted feet,
Steadfast where those old worthies stood;
Upon us let the tempest beat,
Around us swell the surging flood:
We fall or triumph on this spot;
God helping us, we falter not."

"PEACE"

One night a worthless, stealing scamp
Broke through my bolted doors,
And laid his thievish, wicked hands
Upon my precious stores.

He searched the house in all its parts,
He rummaged all the closets;
He stole my silver and my gold,
And all my choice deposits;

And when I waked from risky sleep,
He stood before my bed,
And held a pistol in his hand,
Directed toward my head.

I sprang, I seized him by the throat—
"You murd'rous thief," I cry,
"Your life—not mine—is forfeited—
You are the one to die!"

I held him in my rightful grasp,
He struggled for release;
"Don't shoot," he cried, "give me the spoils,
And let us be at '*peace!*'"

Brooklyn.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

During this last season, a German gentleman who has resided in Richmond for many years has come to this city. He is a highly cultivated person, intelligent and thoughtful, of very moderate views on the questions which split this nation. He has given much information on the affairs of the South to his friends here, but among the many incidents he related, one struck my mind particularly—not because it was unusual in its nature, but because it illustrated a system. There was a negro slave in Richmond, a man of considerable intelligence and handiness, who was owned by a respectable gentleman of his acquaintance. This man had occasionally done little services for him, and one day he came to our informant with a request, saying that he had been laboring on extra jobs for many years to buy his liberty; that he had first bought his mother's freedom, and (I think) a brother's, and now he had made up the amount for himself—which was quite large, I think $1,200—all but a small sum, and he wanted help in raising this. The German gentleman gave him his quota for this very willingly, and thought no more of it. But soon after, he happened to be in the Exchange, and he saw some little excitement and thronging. He penetrated the crowd and found an auction going on, and, to his surprise, his old friend, the negro man, sitting on the ground, weeping bitterly. On asking the cause of an acquaintance, "Oh," he said, "it's nothing. Mr. So-and-so is selling a prime hand; and the fact is, the poor devil had saved about his price, but of course it wasn't his, and his master seized it and sold him!"

The German asked if that was thought quite the thing. The other intimated that it was rather sharp practice, but said, "Of course, it was perfectly right. The nigger had no right to any property of his own—he got it out of his master's time. Beside, Mr. —— found several hundred dollars hid in the wall of the man's cabin—so that he has made a pretty good thing of it!"

The man was sold off South—and the master pocketed his $2,500, or more, and returned to the calm enjoyment of his patriarchal life. Our German friend asked of others there what they thought of this. It seemed to be looked upon about as we would consider very sharp stock-jobbing—something practiced by very respectable people sometimes, but not illegal, or anything that would much damage a man's social position.

But, reader, just look at this little leaf out of the great black volume of American slavery! Think of the weary hours of labor, after a busy day of work, in which the little sums were slowly accumulated, and then hoarded, that made up these twelve hundred dollars. How much self-denial went into them! How many little pleasures and vanities were given up to laboriously win the great gift of Freedom! How the poor fellow must have watched the stock increasing day by day—the number approaching which had in its magic figures the boon of Liberty! How he must have pictured his future life as free;—what imaginations and hopes he must have indulged in over this increasing sum! At last the weary days and nights are over—he has raised the full amount—his master's promise is sure—and he will go forth proudly a *free man* to join his kin who are free. He approaches his owner with beating heart and laughing face—lays the sum before him.

The amiable patriarch coolly pockets the money—wrung out in sweat and wakefulness and weariness through many years—and tells him he "will see about it."

Next day, he searches his cabin for any more savings, and then sells him to prevent his giving trouble. Oh, reader! just go off with that heart-broken man away from kin and friends to a distant country, and take that iron of injustice into your own soul. Probably, slavery itself seemed to the poor fellow endurable compared with this—for this was a violation of the custom of slavery, and yet evidently a perfectly natural consequence of the institution. Go down to the cotton-fields of the Carolinas, and bear a little while the curse with this wronged black man! Think with him that there is no righting of such wrongs—that law and society and arms and wealth are on the side of the oppressor! Then consider a society where a man of such transcendent and unspeakable meanness and rascality is honored, or at least is uncensured! Such an incident as this is not a remarkable one. Probably almost every reader of the narrative could give scores, which he has picked up among trustworthy people, showing just as much injustice and far more ferocity.

Yet people hear such things differently. To some, they enter one ear and pass out of the other, or are considered only as we remember the narrative of ferocities in Du Chaillu or Livingstone. But others are not so constituted. Such stories, with them, set the blood on fire. They stamp themselves on the brain in ineffaceable characters. The eye waters and the heart throbs with indignation that such devilish injustice on the weak and the helpless could be perpetrated in one's own land and under this glorious Republic. We gnash our teeth with indignation that we should even live on the soil where deeds like that described above could be committed under the protection of the laws. For many years we have heard these histories of iniquity. They have entered into our very constitution and being, as it were. The shadow of American slavery has fallen upon our whole lives. We could not pray without thinking of them in bonds even as bound with them. The pictures of American glory seemed mockery when we saw this dark background of kneeling, manacled forms. The petition that "thy kingdom should come" seemed useless, while we could do nothing against this organized system of heathenism. So have the natural influences of American slavery been working upon the minds of hundreds of thousands, until they feel and believe that no such horde of pirates and tyrants anywhere exists as a certain portion of the Southern slaveholders. To such minds the barbarities and treacheries of this war have not added a single pulse of indignation to their feelings toward this class. They expected such things; for in what respect is bayoneting a wounded enemy, or filching a public treasury, or betraying one's country, so base or dishonorable as torturing or cheating a helpless slave?

At length, in the providence of God, a fair field has come for striking a death-blow at this gigantic tyranny. Will it be wondered at that all such strive and labor and pray, not merely for the preservation of this Government, but most of all for the overthrow of slavery and the restoration of Liberty? The smothered indignation of years, now that at length there is a practical vent, bursts forth.

If they speak of the subjugation or extermination of the slaveholders, *as a class*, it is not in the spirit of revenge or personal bitterness, but because such seems the divine providence of retribution, and because they feel the wrongs done to the helpless and the unbefriended.

OUR FIRST MARTYR.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

"Man Proposes, God Disposes."

Men silenced on his faithful lips
Words of resistless truth and power;—
Those words, re-echoing now, have made
The gathering war-cry of the hour.

They thought to darken down in blood
The light of freedom's burning rays;
The beacon-fires we tend to-day
Were lit in that expiring blaze.

They took the earthly prop and staff
Out of an unresisting hand:
God came, and led him safely on,
By ways they could not understand.

They knew not, when from his old eyes
They shut the world for evermore,
The ladder by which angels come
Rests firmly on the dungeon's floor.

They deemed no vision bright could cheer
His stony couch and prison ward:
He slept to dream of heaven, and rose
To build a Bethel to the Lord!

They showed to his unshrinking gaze
The "sentence" men have paled to see;
He read God's writing of reprieve,
And grant of endless liberty.

They tried to conquer and subdue
By marshaled power and bitter hate:
The simple manhood of a man
Was braver than an armèd state.

They hoped at last to make him feel
The felon's shame, and felon's dread;
And lo! the martyr's crown of joy
Settled for ever on his head!

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

BY OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 8, 1861.

To the Editors of The Independent:

Another quiet week, though last Sunday night it seemed to be absolutely certain that ere this the two armies—loyal and disloyal—would have come to the dread conflict upon the field of battle. It *may be* that the rebels have changed their plans. A fugitive slave just in says they have, and that it was occasioned by the capture of Forts Clark and Hatteras. This is problematical, however. There has seemed to be a gradual approach of the rebel army toward Washington at the Chain Bridge, at Arlington, and even at Alexandria. Their pickets and ours are only about half a mile apart, and their advance-regiments are only about three and four miles from our intrenchments. In other words, they take care to be beyond the reach of our guns. The Chain Bridge, which is about five miles northwest of the city, is a point they would evidently like to take, and they have a body of troops about three miles back of it. The only intrenchments of theirs within sight of our forts are at Munson's Hill and a place below Hunting Creek. Munson's Hill is about five miles directly west of the Virginia end of Long Bridge, and is not more than three and a half miles from Fort Corcoran. The name—Munson's Hill—is very familiar to people who have lived in Washington, for it is a pleasant little drive out there; and last year at this time many a party drove out to Mr. Bailey's, at the Cross Roads, and then walked up the hill to Munson's to buy some of his delicious peaches from an orchard on one of the hill-slopes. But now the beautiful eminence—which overlooks the country for many miles around, and commands a view of the Capitol dome itself—is crowned with a bold line of rebel earth-works and grim cannon. A day or two since your correspondent took the pains to get a view of the rebels—saw their traitorous flag flying on the northern breeze—saw the rebel sentries pacing to and fro, and the rebel troops in their morning drill and parade. It was a sad, a mortifying sight, for from this hight the rebels can look over into our lines, and even see with their glasses the workmen upon the Capitol dome. At least this was the first feeling—that of shame and despondency. Six months gone, and here the rebels are, not pounding away at Sumpter, but at Washington! But this first view of matters was not the correct one. The rebels occupy Munson's Hill, not because we dare not attack them, but because Gen. McClellan permits them to do so. The loyal people of the nation must not misunderstand this and other facts of the campaign. Before our army moved upon Bull Run, the enemy occupied Fairfax Court-House and Centreville in force, but they retreated the moment they saw our columns in motion. The occupation of a position just outside the reach of our guns means little in itself so long as it is, in fact, by the permission of the General in command of the Federal troops. "Give me a day to prepare," said Gen. Bienker to Gen. McClellan, "and I will take Munson's Hill with my brigade alone. I don't want more troops."

From careful examination and consultation with some of the best military critics here, I am convinced that our troops were really never in a better condition to meet the rebels than now. Unless our military leaders are terribly deceived, they will act coolly this time, however it may have been before. They occupy strong positions, and cannot be beaten by the enemy. If the troops now in and around Washington fight well, if they possess the ordinary courage of men, it is safe to say that the capital is not in any danger. That is to say, it is not if our troops behave moderately well, for it does not require an extraordinary amount of courage to fight behind intrenchments.

This grand point being gained, of course the very next step is to begin the offensive with the rebels, and if this work is to be well done—done so that it will not need doing over again in a century at least—these free states must pour out their wealth of men, of numbers, to give the Government an army that will be invincible. This is now the demand of the Government. *More men!* With an army of half a million, few lives will be lost. Attempt to put the rebellion down with half that number, and it will be uphill work, and the sacrifice of life will be tremendous. So the War Department asks for more and more troops. Will the loyal states furnish them?

The fugitive-slave question begins to assume a vast importance, and the Government has it under consideration. There are this day more than two thousand fugitive slaves, "contrabands," in and about the Federal camps. There are eighteen hundred at Fortress Monroe, and several hundred in the Virginia camps on the banks of the Potomac. The condition of the rebels between Manassas and Washington is very well known to the Government through their slaves, who contrive in one way or another to find their way to our lines, though the penalty if caught is death. Within the week the rebels shot three poor fellows for attempting to find refuge in the Federal camps. What is to be done with these brave fugitives who have risked their lives for liberty? They must never be remanded to slavery. *That* may be considered a settled question. Shall they be set at work or set to fighting? It may comfort some good people at the North to know that a few Virginia slaves did us good service at the bombardment of Fort Hatteras. The fugitive slave *has* been employed to fight against the rebel master, and as the master got up the war against the slave, there is at least poetical justice in the fact. The question of the disposition of these refugees is yet an open one, but the Government has decided never to return them to slavery, even if it ransoms each one of them with a heavy price. Before winter comes on they will need protection and care, and the people of the free states will gladly see that they do not suffer if the Government will give them permission to attend to their needs. If the Government desired it, a slave regiment could very quickly be organized for work in South Carolina next winter, or some other slave state. For the present the Government will not take such a course, but time may render it necessary.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Washington, Sept. 9, 1861.

To the Editors of The Independent:

Yesterday was the most quiet Sunday that we have experienced since the commencement of the war. Gen. McClellan issued a special Order enjoining the observance of the day, and the consequence was that the hitherto incessant rumble of army wagons ceased, and even fewer officers and soldiers than usual were seen about the streets. The employes at the Quartermaster's had the first day of rest that they have enjoyed for months, and this morning the very mules and horses step off with unusual briskness and spirit, as though they appreciated the unusual respite.

The employment of so many inexperienced quartermasters and commissaries has introduced the greatest confusion into the accounts of those Departments. All transactions are required to be conducted in accordance with certain forms prescribed by Act of Congress; that is, each account must be accompanied by its proper vouchers and receipts before it can be settled by the proper accounting officers. The system is perfectly simple, and all that is required from the quartermaster or commissary is a tolerable acquaintance with the most common business forms. But in very many instances these officers have failed to comply with them.

This same inconvenience was experienced on the breaking out of the Mexican war, and seems inseparable from our military system, or rather lack of system. Irresponsible and incompetent men will get into these positions, however well disposed and efficient the heads of departments may be, since they are distributed as political favors. Millions of dollars will be lost to the Government, for the only check upon these officers is their own conscience. Congress will be obliged to pass a general Relief Act, for settlement of these accounts is impossible. This looseness in accounting for funds and for *materiel* is not confined to those in the employment of the General Government. I am told that the accounts of the Quartermaster-General of one of the New England states are in a similar condition, although the business of his office is comparatively light.

Rumors of a contemplated advance are rife almost every day, growing out of movements of troops; but I believe that for some time no advance will be made, and that our army will act only on the defensive. The movements of troops are only for the purpose of accustoming the men to executing marches within a given time with promptness. It will be recollected that a failure of different brigades to be in positions assigned at the appointed time, was one great cause of the disaster at Bull Run. This plan of accustoming men to marching, with their packs, given distances within a prescribed time, was adopted by Wellington, and with such success that he could calculate with precision what they would be capable of in a movement requiring ten days for its execution.

The proclamation of Fremont has been received with enthusiasm, and this fact demonstrates what the temper of the people is. Men from all sections who are here exclaim, "That is what we want; that looks as though we were in earnest!" and one constantly hears the opinion expressed that the Pathfinder will be the next President. This is the form which the gratitude of our people takes, and there is no question that Fremont, by his boldness and decision, has met the popular want and touched the popular heart.

Numerous applications are made under the Act allowing commercial intercourse with certain individuals in the rebel states under special permit from the President, but thus far none have been granted except in the case of some Bibles. It seems hardly practicable to maintain a blockade, and at the same time to permit a regulated trade.

A LAMENTED DEATH.

Many a student of geography and many a reader of current literature, will learn with regret of the death of Mr. Thomas W. Atkinson, the Siberian traveler, which occurred in England on the 13th of August. The republication of Mr. Atkinson's works in this country had introduced him to a wide circle of readers. Rarely have we been so fascinated with a book of travels as with Mr. A.'s travels in the regions of the upper and lower Amoor. The style is sprightly and picturesque, the traveler is always wide-awake to passing incidents, and shrewd in his observation of character. Some of the adventures of this tour are as thrilling as a highly-wrought romance; and yet Mr. Atkinson gives one the impression of a writer of fact. The Harpers republished this volume last year in good style, with numerous spirited illustrations. We shall cherish it the more now that the author is gone. The following sketch of Mr. Atkinson is from *The London Athenæum:*

"For about a year the great traveler had been failing—never having quite recovered from the waste of his long and arduous journeys in the wild country of the Amoor—but no immediate danger had been feared by his physician. Little or no suffering accompanied his decline, and he passed away as into a tranquil sleep. Atkinson was born in Yorkshire on the 6th of March, 1799, and he was consequently in his sixty-second year when he died. He was, in the truest and best sense, a self-made man. Left an orphan when a child, he began life for himself at the early age of eight; from which time he gained his own living, while training himself into a good scholar and a well-mannered gentleman. Those who met him in his later years in the drawing-room or the country-house, were struck by the undeniable grace and bearing which are sometimes thought to be the monopoly of ancient race. He educated himself as an architect, and a church built by him in Manchester testifies to his skill as a builder; but his instrument was the pencil, and his vocation that of a traveler. Owing to an accidental remark of Alexander Humboldt, he turned his eyes to the picturesque land of Oriental Russia. His pictures, which have been much exhibited at evening parties, and have been reduced for his books, are exceedingly clever, and he wrote with as much power and freshness as he drew. In person he was the type of an artistic traveler—thin, lithe, and sinewy, with a wrist like a rock, and an eye like a poet's; manner singularly gentle, and an air which mingled entreaty with command. The two great works which he produced on Siberia and on the Amoor have made the whole world familiar with his name, and with his extraordinary assemblage of qualities and accomplishments."

The Independent.

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RICHARD OASTLER.

Richard Oastler is dead. He was an English gentleman who spent the last seventeen years of his life in unceasing efforts to mitigate many oppressive features of the English Factory system. He was a native of Leeds, and *The Leeds Mercury* says of him: "We believe that he has died without an enemy, and the news of his death will be received with tears in many a poor man's dwelling." Mr. Oastler's attention to the overworking of factory operatives was first excited in the autumn of 1830, by John Wood, an extensive manufacturer at Bradford. Mr. Wood informed him that little children were among the victims of the system, and their unjust treatment ought to be exposed to the indignation of the English people. Mr. Oastler inquired particulars, and next morning found that Mr. Wood's mind, as well as his own, had been so much impressed with the subject that neither of them could sleep. The consequence was an engagement on the part of each to obtain, if possible, remedies for the evils which had so deeply excited the feelings of both. From that day this became the great object of Mr. Oastler's life, and in pursuit of it he earned equally the obloquy and the approbation usually meted to reformers from bad men and good.

OSCAR.

The King of Sweden has been making a visit to England. He invited Lord Palmerston to dinner at the house of the Swedish Embassador; he rode round London in the Queen's carriage; he dropped in at the British Museum; he stepped down into the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, laying his hand upon the sarcophagus of the Duke of Wellington; he went to the Woolwich Arsenal, and learned how to make an Armstrong gun; he saw a play at Haymarket; he admired Waterloo Bridge; and after having seen the sights of the metropolis, he rode in a crimson-seated rail-car to Dover, and departed amid cheers for France.

It does not seem that any political significance attached to his coming or going. The interchange of visits by royal personages is growing more common every year.

John Brown, Jr., son of the hero of Harper's Ferry, is now in Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio, raising one hundred sharpshooters to form a company for Col. Montgomery's Regiment, in the Brigade of Gen. James H. Lane, in the Division of Gen. Fremont. This company is expected to be ready for marching orders by the 22d of this month. The Secretary of War has accepted the company in advance. Capt. Brown and Col. Montgomery are both men of great skill and experience, and possess a natural genius for warfare.

Theodore Weld's well-known school at Eagleswood, near Perth Amboy, has passed into the hands of Prof. Wisewell, formerly of Yonkers. The institution is to be conducted in future as a Military School. Mr. W. believes that, while the military order is best for maintaining the discipline of schools, it invigorates the frame, mends the carriage, and imparts habits of punctuality, quickness, courtesy, and submission. Military drill is to be made a special feature of the outdoor exercises of the school. At the present time, a military programme is likely to add to the previous attractions of this somewhat famous institution of learning.

Capitalists of New York, who own property in Virginia, have received official notice from the county clerks of the respective counties, that unless they acknowledge the sovereignty of the Southern Confederacy, their houses and lands will be confiscated.

Byron said that the fame of a soldier consisted in having his name spelled wrong in the Gazette. Commander Stephen C. Rowan of the Pawnee, is called by *The World*, "Commander Roan;" by *The Herald*, "Commander Rowhan;" and by *The Tribune*, "Commander Roan."

Richard Hildreth, author of the History of the United States, sailed on Monday for Trieste, as United States consul at that city.

The Christian Intelligencer, the Reformed Dutch newspaper of this city, a few months ago enlarged its sheet to the form and size of *The Independent*. Last week it returned to its original single sheet, assigning as the reason the pressure of the times, the great cost of publishing a large paper, and the great difficulty of obtaining new subscribers.

The American Board will hold its annual meeting this year at Cleveland, on the 1st of October.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Canada is to have a new Governor-General. So we learn by the Africa. Sir Edmund Head is to give place to Lord Monck. The English Government is to dispatch an army re-enforcement of *twenty-two thousand five hundred men* to that province during the present month. So that Lord Monck will be not only a distinguished but a very powerful neighbor. The new Governor is an Irishman. *The London Times* calls on the English Government to strain every nerve to promote the cultivation of cotton in India. *The London Daily News*, in an article on fugitive slaves, takes the ground that the Federal cause is to be identified with the abolition of slavery. The Emperor Napoleon had gone to Biarritz. It was stated that the Emperor's interview with the King of Prussia would not take place until after the latter's coronation. Wheat and corn are to be admitted into the ports of France, temporarily, free of duty. In Italy an important diplomatic circular had been published by Baron Ricasoli, explaining that the prevailing brigandism near the Neapolitan provinces is inspired from Rome, and asserting that the Government will not pause in its efforts for the unity of Italy. A political pamphlet, entitled "Rome," published in Paris, intimates that the people of Rome will be invited to choose a sovereign ruler by universal suffrage, and that if they vote for Victor Emanuel the French troops will march from the city next day and be replaced by an Italian force. This measure is to be adopted, as alleged, if the Pope persists in refusing the guarantees for the integrity of the Holy See proposed by Napoleon. Dr. Russell's latest letter to *The London Times* says that the issue is rapidly narrowing between slavery and abolition. He thinks that the President will soon declare all the slaves within the limits of the United States army free. *The London Times* editorially advises a compromise between the North and South. We don't need its advice, and we don't mean to take it.

Sermons

BY

Henry Ward Beecher.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. M. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

"Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts."—PSALM li. 6.

There is a kind of superficial truth. There is conventional truth. There is truth used for a purpose. But truth as God desires it, is to be of the very nature and substance of life itself. It is not to be volition and choice: it is to be simply the outshining of the very soul of man.

The belief in truth, or truthfulness, is very limited. The belief in untruth is universal. There are very many more that believe in untruthfulness than that believe in simple truthfulness. Men who believe in the general obligations of veracity are far from believing that *it* only has claims to their respect. Men that respect truth, also have great respect for lies.

There are three classes into which men are to be divided: those who wholly believe in deceit; those who believe in truth wholly; and those who believe in both truth and deceit—and this last class is the omnipotent majority.

We disdainfully pass over the first class—those who love deceit for its own sake, and practice it for every purpose of life. It is not needful that we should waste our time upon such as they.

The vast majority of men are those who believe in the simple superiority of truth, but who regard untruth as necessary sometimes, in consequence of the imperfect state of society. It is said that there are exigencies in which there is a safety in untruth that does not belong to simple verity. It is admitted that in a society in which all men should agree to be true, and tell the truth, truth would be vastly better than untruth; but it is argued that since such a society does not exist, truth cannot safely be adhered to in all cases. Men say, "No doubt the time will come when entire truthfulness will be possible, and then it will be eminently beautiful and wise; but since no men adhere to the truth, if any should attempt to do it they would be taken at disadvantage by cunning men, and would be continual losers." And in the mixed battle of practical life it is supposed that the man who tells either truth or untruth, according to his discretion, has the advantage of the man who limits himself to only one line of conduct, and simple truth at that. People seem to think that a man who tells the truth has but one sword, and that that is a short one; and that a man who tells both truth and untruth has two swords, or one long one with two edges, and that he is a double-handed fighter, who cannot but have the advantage.

It is claimed, also, that untruths have a certain harmony with the present state of society; that there is a fitness in them; that they belong to the scheme of affairs. Men say, "Mankind are rude; their notions are imperfect; they are ignorant; they are stumbling; and pure truth in society would be like jewels in a beggar's garment."

It is said that poisons which in health are deadly become medicines restorative of health, when taken in disease; and so men argue that truth, which is the very life and breath of a pure nature, is not good for an impure one; whereas untruth which is deadly to a perfectly virtuous soul, may be medicinal to one not perfectly virtuous.

It is supposed, too, that whatever moral fitness there may be in strict truth, it is not an economic virtue; that it has not enough elasticity for the exigencies of ever-changing human affairs; and that a man would be clumsy and heavy and dull who should refuse any of the advantages promised by the nimble tongue and alert hands of untruth. And so truth is made over to those who are without the pale of active life.

There is a part of life in which men suppose that truth ought to be told. Women who dwell at home—it is supposed that there is no reason why they should not tell the truth. The aged, those who are past the strifes of life—it is supposed that they ought to tell the truth. Retired persons; scholars; gentlemen of leisure; hermits of all kinds; scholastic or professional saints; ministers; men that are nearly perfect—all these it is supposed do well to tell the truth, because they are apart from the necessities and stringent temptations of practical affairs in daily life. So in reality it comes to this: that men do not practically believe in truth, and only theoretically disbelieve in lies. Falsehood has made a profound impression upon the opinions of men, even in Christian nations and Christian communities that are under continuous Christian teaching. The imagination has been possessed; the reason has been warped; the very moral sentiment of men has been impressed with the value of untruth as a medicine in human affairs.

Untruth is a moral force, therefore, in human life. Men are universal liars: not of the most malignant type, not of the most deliberate kind; but liars in the sense of departing from the truth in one way or another. Every one of us lies. There is not one that speaks the truth; no, not one. Truth and untruth are brought up and labeled alike, and therefore untruth stands like an idol in a Christian temple, and is worshiped. The practice of life is such that one lies habitually without knowing it. I should almost despair of finding a man that sought to be absolutely true. I think the idea of absolute truth has scarcely dawned upon the imagination. I think men scarcely know what it is.

But you shall see the grounds on which I base these judgments.

Malicious falsehoods are almost universally condemned. So far we all go together in the direction of right. Everybody admits that we have no business to tell lies to do harm to other people with.

But men tolerate and defend untruth when it injures no one, and when it is supposed to confer a benefit on the person that indulges in it, or when it is only a defense against proud and cruel force, or against arrogant mental superiority. It is supposed, therefore, that the liberty of untruth is the poor man's sword, and the weak man's spear. The slave to physical power says, "What am I? and what is my individuality? If my master chooses to set himself against me, I am trodden out of sight, like a spark under a man's foot; and how shall I have any manly liberty unless I take it by deceit? If I can be craftier than he, if I can creep into cracks and crevices, and so elude his grasp, it is my right to do so." So the slave is deceitful because he claims that it is only through deceit that he can assert his individuality. And where men are overborne by superiority of understanding they resort to finesse. They say, "If it were not for this I should be carried away. I could not stand against the force of this man's mind. He sweeps me by his reason. I must therefore take the instrument that I *can* take to resist the power which he exerts upon me. If by finesse I can maintain my individuality, it is my privilege to take advantage of it." And men beholding the conduct of such persons say, "It is a foible, and it is to be tolerated with great charity." Where untruth promotes convenience it is looked upon very graciously—especially if it is a matter hinted at rather than a matter expressed. In all the play of social life there is absolute tolerance of it. It makes no man unrespectable. It causes no man to lose his place. It makes some difference in the estimate which we put upon a man's imaginary virtue; but after all, if a man does not lie from downright selfishness, if he does not lie meanly, if he only lies agreeably and for conventional purposes, we do not find much fault with him. If he lies because he wishes to keep disagreeable things out of sight; if he lies because he wishes to shut off disagreeable things from the company; if he lies because he wishes to bring agreeable things into notice, and to make the streams of life run smooth, then he is not thought so bad. Where a man ministers to politeness by a great many little indirections that are really based on untruth, we look upon him with complacency. If men are all the time touching and tapping each other's vanity with praises that make them feel happy and kind and good, you must not look too closely to see what they are made up of! If you know that they are for the most part composed of untruth, what then? And such is the tone of feeling that untruths are tolerated and excused, if they are only agreeable and flattering. Untruths that seek advantage over us we resent spiritedly; but untruths that are borne as incense upon our vanity, that have some taste in their expression, and that have some adroitness in their management, we soothe, and cool, and wrap around us as agreeable. We rather like them, on the whole. The man whose tongue is square and crystalline is not the most agreeable man. The man whose tongue is full of honeysuckles and violets, and drops perfume upon us, and makes us feel happy, is generally esteemed the most agreeable.

Untruth is employed as an instrument of offense and defense in business. Great awkward, clumsy lies are universally condemned; but little fine, rapier-like lies are regarded with more favor. If a man would circumvent you by lying, it is not considered unfair that you should trip him with his own weapon. It is thought that you may defeat fraud by shrewder fraud. It is deemed proper for you to hang a man with a rope that he has got to hang you with. It is supposed that if a man resorts to duplicity and underhand dealing to overthrow you, you have a right to resort to the same means to overthrow him. Men think they are justified in fighting fire with fire. When a man is sinking a mine under your feet to blow you up, you think you have a right to sink one under his feet and blow him up. When a man is paid in his own coin, men say, "Served him right!" The moral quality of the instrumentality is overlooked.

And when we rise out of business into the range of public affairs, the sphere of untruth is vastly enlarged, and men increase in their conviction of its advantage, and they lower their moral sense of its wickedness. I know not where truth is at such a discount as in public affairs.

Nor are we able to say that those who are avowedly good are free from the universal contagion of untruth. It is found among those that are weak and those that are strong in business. It is found flagrant among men that administer public affairs, or seek to. It is found also among avowedly Christian men, acting in Christian relations. If the permissible things in our religious editorial columns were scanned and closely measured, I think it would be found that there is a vast deal of lying in religious journals. If unfairness is lying; if false implications are lying; if making statements which men do not know to be true, and which are injurious, is lying; if saying a thing honestly, and refusing to retract when satisfied that it is wrong, be lying; if getting another man to say for you what you do not choose to say yourself, to the disadvantage of a man, is lying—if these things are lying, then our religious journals are full of lies. If the management of institutions established for the spread of ecclesiastical influences was sharply looked into, I think it would be found that faith in simple overt truth is greatly wanting, even among men whose business it is to disseminate the truth. I think there are multitudes of moral men who, in the emergencies of life, falter, and do not believe in simple truth under all circumstances, and everywhere, without flinching.

If we go back again to our own personal consciousness, we shall be yet more impressed with the great want of simple faith in truth. I do not allude to the framing and uttering of technical falsehoods, but to what may be called a system of almost universal education in deception, by gentle false presentations and appearances. In other words, the law of letting things stand for just what they are, the law of permitting the inward thing to have its natural outward language or symbol, is almost unknown in practical life. Let any honest person analyze the source of his actions and of his words for a single day, and see how spontaneously and unconsciously he is in the habit of putting one thing for another, and making false issues and appearances in life. There is not a faculty in our nature that is not like a bow bent to send the arrow of falsehood. We put our actions in a form to give men a wrong impression concerning our motives. That is a more dextrous and unsuspected way of telling an untruth. It is inconvenient to tell where you are going; but it is quite convenient to leave a false impression as to where you are going. It is inconvenient to ask where you have been; but it is quite convenient so to make a statement as to leave an impression as to where you have been that is not accordant to the truth. Men are like ships that take out a clearance for one port, and then, when at sea, steer for another. We are perpetually clearing ourselves from men's power by presenting false papers. How general is the habit of doing whatever discreditable thing we wish to, and then accounting for it in a way that shall be creditable. We act first, and men find out why we acted afterwards. In other words, we act from selfishness, or pride, or vanity, and then give very wise and prudent reasons why we acted. We justify our actions by false representations concerning our motives. In stating our reasons for acting, we sink out of sight every real motive that influenced us. Thus we are continually making a false representation of our life and conduct.

Some persons do this who mean to be conscientious. What they understand by being conscientious is going conscientiously as far as they can do so without crossing their desires. They seem to think it necessary, therefore, to find a reason for everything they do, no matter how they do it. Their pride has an outbreak, and they explain it on conscientious grounds. Their vanity carries them into trouble, and they trace it to conscientious causes. They are selfish with the most conscientious reasons. And so conscience is a mask put on to cover the features when marred by almost every passion that disfigures human life.

Still more frequently is untruth seen in cases where several motives inspire us, and we select the best one, and place the whole conduct to its sole credit. And men are living under untruth, and hiding the truth, to such an extent that the occasional revelation to us of the whole truth is sickening, and almost staggers our faith in goodness itself. Conscience, for shame's sake, sends out a false reason. When selfishness acts, it asks benevolence to father the deed. Even love plays false, until the inspired Book is obliged to declare, "Let love be without dissimulation." Spare at least one thing, and that the sacredest.

Consider how we strive to leave the blame which belongs to us upon others. See how we speak the truth so that the shape of it shall be a lie, and blight men. See how dextrously, by the mere form of our sentences, or the mere turning of our words, we impress men with the value of our services, and rob others of the credit which really belongs to them. See how we suck up and absorb the things around about us to which we have no right. We go reaping harvests of praise whose seeds we have never sown. We gladly suffer ourselves to be perfumed with praises which we know we do not deserve.

So subtle is this faithlessness in truth, and so strong is our belief in untruth, that we almost lose the power to tell what motive inspires our conduct. There is no law in our soul against forging, and all the faculties sign each other's names, and our life is full of spurious papers. And the worst feature of the case is that we are not morally averse to these things.

We have need to learn the essential beauty of truth. We have need to learn to have faith in the reality, the possibility, and the safety of truth, not as an occasional and detached experience, but as the center and structure of a harmonious life and character. We have need to learn to love truth for its own intrinsic nobleness, without any regard to its profit. We have need to learn to abhor untruth from its moral unsymmetry and intrinsic hatefulness. We have need to learn to love that which is true because it is beautiful as well as noble.

Some men love flowers because they are marketable. Some love statues because their beauty is marketable. Some love pictures for the same reason. Some love flowers because they are exquisite. Some love statues because they delight their sense of form and proportion. Some love pictures because they appeal to their sense of beauty.

Now the love of truth is to be apart from and above all considerations of offense and defense. The question is not to be asked whether truth will bridge chasms better than untruth. Truth is of itself divine and glorious; and we are to have such a conception of it that for its own sake we shall desire it and seek it. We are to love it for its divinity.

Deceit is the natural language of the lower half of the brain—that part which allies us to the animal and the earthy. The sentiments have their natural language in truthfulness; and these are the parts of the mind which lift their branches toward the heaven, and bring us into sympathy with God. For truth is the very attribute of God. He dwells in it, as in the light of glory; and no man can partake of the divine nature, or draw near to God even to comprehend him, except through the sympathies of truth. What good, then, can untruth do a man, even though it may bring him some worldly good? "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul," by losing his God? Truth is that in which the soul was made to dwell. It is the law of the soul's health. It is that right way, and the only right way, in which the faculties were made to harmonize, and by which the whole soul shall have the freest use of itself, and its most sovereign power. There is no such thing as health in a man's nature while it is disturbed by untruths; and no man will know what is the power and beauty of human life until he has seen it developed in the sphere of perfect, transparent, symmetrical truth. When it becomes natural and spontaneous it gives to the mind its full force, which it can never have under any other circumstances. Its best and strongest acts are those which are conceived and performed in the very spirit of truth. Half of human life is frittered away by reason of men's untruthfulness. The want of directness, the want of simplicity, the want of truth, consume men's forces. One-half of our time is used in stopping up leaks and repairing damages which lies have caused. And to-day, if lies were taken out of business, out of public and private affairs, it would condense the labor of life more than one-half. For the burdens and cares of life are mostly those which are bred by deceit. So it becomes economical of time and toil and anxiety to tell the truth. For no man that tells untruths can help being a calculator; and no man that tells the truth inevitably and spontaneously has any need of calculating. And when a man has made up his mind to say "Yea, yea; Nay, nay," he has no further occasion to look after his own tracks; he has no further occasion to take sight across from yesterday to to day, or from to-day to to morrow. There is a simplicity, a coherence, a congruity, a harmony, in the life of every man of truthfulness, which saves him all further calculation. And no man that lies is so shrewd that now and then he does not trip and make fatal mistakes which shew that the mind is working under deceits and upon a false scale. Cunning men always overreach themselves, dishonest men always cheat themselves, and lying men always deceive themselves.

Courage, faith in that which is true and right, sets a man at liberty, and gives him more than half his battle at the very first step. It is timidity, it is fear that truth and right are not safe nor practicable, that set men trembling like cowards. And the want of moral courage is one of the parents of the worst evils of life. The man who believes that the truth is safe—safe to think, safe to speak, and safe to base conduct upon; the man who believes that there is a decree of Almighty God to bear the truth up—what has he to be afraid of? Men that resort to deceit and lying have no such sense of safety as men who have faith in truth, and adhere thereto.

Where the spirit of truth comes of God, and is ministered to by the divine soul, how does the human heart become like a palace! If we have this spirit we are "the children of light" indeed, and there is no darkness in us. No part of the soul is dark into which the light of God shines; and he who has the light of God shining into him is indeed crystalline.

This is not merely a criticism. It is a matter of the gravest importance to every one of us whether we have taken our conception of life and character according to the divine idea of truthfulness, so that our every thought and our every feeling measures itself and takes its direction in accordance with this divine idea; or whether we live in conformity with the world, and suffer ourselves to tell the truth in the abstract, and to employ half-truths, and untruths, and deceits, in the practical affairs of life. This cannot but be an important thing to be brought before a man's conscience for examination.

I would that I could inspire the young with a firmer conviction of the safety and practicableness of truth. And although there is a higher way of looking at it than to say that it is profitable, yet it *is* profitable. It is best as a matter of policy. It is certainly best as a matter of virtue. I hold that there is no such thing as manhood without a scrupulous and sensitive honor of truth. I need not say that there is no such thing as eminent piety except that which is founded in the most transparent truth. The God of truth cannot hold to his bosom (except to cleanse and heal them by brooding) those men whose life moves in the sphere and in the influence of deceit, and duplicity, and guile, and lies.

And now, because we abhor vulgar falsehood, because we abhor malicious lies, let us not suppose that therefore we hate untruth. Search your heart in the light of God's Word, follow the line of your thoughts, look at your intents in all the scenes of minute daily life, study your words, attitudes, and gestures, and see whether your purposes and conduct are characterized by simplicity, openness, and truthfulness, or whether the poisonous element of untruth is lurking beneath them and undermining them.

If God were every day to stand before us, and search us, and interpret to us our acts and intentions, I think we should almost despair of life itself, there would be brought to us such a sense of infirmity, such a sense of moral disease, such a vulgar and low estimate of the glorious beauty of holiness in truth, and such a compliance with adulterated forms of truth among men. And this is that which every one of us should say to God: "Search thou me; try me; see if there be any evil in me; and lead me in the way that is everlasting."

* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn. Reported for THE INDEPENDENT by T. J. ELLINWOOD.

THE GONFALON:

BY R. W. RAYMOND.

[The Flag of Venice, which was torn and divided among the soldiers in 1849, was the other day reunited, and presented to Victor Emanuel by a deputation of Venetian patriots.]

The queenly city was again by tyrant feet polluted;
The stately lion of St. Mark was crowned again with shame;
The Austrian in our ducal halls his hireling hosts recruited,
And taunted with his grinning guns our ancient pride and fame!

Oppression's judges in our courts proclaimed our laws illegal,
And plunged us from starvation into slavery that was worse;
While from our captured citadel the great two-headed eagle
Flew scornfully, and flapped his wings, above us like a curse!

We tore into a thousand shreds the great Venetian banner;—
And every soldier took an oath, upon the shred he wore
To bear it safely on his heart till God's own time and manner
Should come to wake our Fatherland to liberty once more!

We swore upon the tattered flag no morsel to surrender,
Unless we lay on dying beds, and laid it in the hand
Of son or daughter, wife or friend, or patriot defender,
To bear it safe until the Lord gave freedom to the land!

We took the solemn oath with tears, and each embraced his brother,
Then parted on our several ways—to exile or to death,
Or daily martyrdom at home:—yes, true to one another,
To wear our ragged Gonfalon until our latest breath!

Who died, resigned the sacred charge unto his sworn successors;
Who wandered, left all other things, but kept this pledge alone;
We bore it far in other lands, and other proud oppressors
We smote to earth, lamenting that we could not smite our own!

King Victor, by the grace of God, and by the nation's choosing,
We hail in you the Morning Star that tells our dawning day;
Now joyfully we can unroll—all faded with the using—
The Gonfalon of Venice to the golden morning ray!

'Tis seamed and old, but it has felt a thousand warm hearts beating;
'Tis writ upon in blood and tears, with prayers and hopes of men;
And when the Hosts of Liberty the battle-shock are meeting,
The Gonfalon of Venice shall be always in the van!

With the white cross of Savoia here we mark it as a token;
And beneath its folds to victory will steadfastly march on;
But we charge you, by our weary years of patient hope unbroken,
To plant once more in Venice our glorious Gonfalon!

THE WORLD'S FAIR

THE great building for the World's Fair of next year is nearly completed at South Kensington. Of the thousands of columns, girders, brackets, and railings of cast iron, nearly one-fourth are already actually in their places. The remainder are being rapidly forwarded, and all are to be delivered on the ground before the 30th of September. In all, about 4,000 tuns of cast iron will be required. The columns are to be of unusual size and strength. They are to number 1,100, and if laid end to end they would reach from South Kensington to the Crystal Palace at Norwood. Early in October the Picture Gallery will be all roofed in, so that the walls will have ample time to dry before the grand opening on the 1st of May next. By the 12th of February the building will be completed and formally handed over to the Royal Commissioners. After the 30th of this month no further applications for space will be received by the Commissioners, no matter from what quarter they may come. England and the colonies alone have demanded more than five times the space of the entire building. One of the earliest applications for space was that of an inventor, who did not specify the nature of the articles he intended to exhibit, but required space in every class of the industrial sections to the amount of 72,000 *square feet!* One gentleman requests room in the Picture Gallery for the exhibition of *a poem!* The entire list of applications, it is said, would make one of the most amusing books ever printed. The committee of admission and rejection will have no very enviable labors to perform.

PANIC.

MUCH has been said of the panic of our troops at Bull Run. Inexcusable as it was, there are many such instances even of the most warlike nation of the world—that of France. In the first campaign of Italy under the great Napoleon, General Vaubois attacked General Davidonitch's position, and at first obtained advantages; but a panic seized his troops, notwithstanding their tried bravery, and they fled in disorder. Napoleon resolved to give a lesson to the 39th and 85th demi-brigades, which had given way to this panic terror. He ordered them before him, and addressed them for their want of discipline and their flight. He then said to the chief of the staff, Let it be inscribed on the colors that the 39th and the 85th no longer form part of the army of Italy. The soldiers felt keenly the mortification, and redeemed their character in the subsequent part of the campaign. Such a lesson should be given to the N. Y. 11th Zouaves, the Brooklyn 14th, and the men of Varian's battery.

Again: the Battle of Vittoria. Wellington, at the head of 100,000 men of mixed force—Portuguese, Spaniards, and English—attacked the French, 120,000 strong, under Marshal Jourdan, at Vittoria. At the close of the battle—it was at this very moment that Joseph, finding the royal road so completely blocked by carriages that the artillery could not pass, indicated the road of Salvatora as the line of retreat, and the army went off in a confused yet compact body. Thus all became disorder and mischief; the artillery-drivers and men fled with the horses, and breaking through the miserable multitude, etc., etc. Thus ended the Battle of Vittoria. The French escaped, indeed, with comparatively little loss of men, but, to use Gazan's words, "they lost all their equipages, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers, so that no man could prove how much pay was due to him. Generals and subordinate officers alike were reduced to the clothes on their backs, and most of them were barefooted."

Never was an army more hardly used by its commander, for the soldiers were not half beaten, and never was a victory more complete. The trophies were innumerable. The French carried off but two pieces of artillery from the battle. Jourdan's baton of command, a stand of colors, one hundred and forty-three brass pieces—one hundred of which had been used in the fight—all the parks and depots from Madrid, Valladolid, and Burgos; carriages, ammunition, treasure, everything—fell into the hands of the victors.

The above is from Napier. If I have time I will look up the run from Cabool by the English, as an offset to *The London Times* on our run. G. W. B.

LETTER FROM OREGON.

OREGON CITY, July 20, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

DEAR SIRS: If the settlement of a new territory seemed of no marked importance ten years ago, the events of the last ten years show that it is difficult to estimate such facts at too high a mark. We are learning what states are worth; we are learning more what principles are worth which are embodied in the formation of states; we are learning to watch the beginnings. *Obsta principiis.* Who does not rejoice in the free labor, free schools, free churches, and free townships of the Puritan Pilgrims? Who does not rejoice in finding those principles in the early formation of the states, along the parallels of the original grants to the Plymouth Company, and that the same customs and habits have grown up as far as the Mississippi, and beyond? The glorious fruits of liberty, industry, intelligence, and religion which we now see, are due to the planting of the right tree. It is in this view that our foundations in Oregon are important. Our people have nailed the flag of freedom to the mast. We shall admit no slavery, harbor no disunion, and cherish no interest divisive of our great and prosperous and free nation. Our people are as industrious as could be expected of communities so often allured by the promises of rich gold-placers close at hand. That is a powerful magnet to a man toiling hard to support his family, and barely making the ends meet. It is not strange that a father, at forty, feeling the wear of life, and seeing around him a numerous family, dependent upon his daily earnings, or the produce of a farm in a fluctuating market, should leave all and try his fortune in the mines. It may have a bad effect on him and his family. That which is got quickly goes quickly. His money may be spent as fast as it was earned, and he may try again and be less successful, and at last die poor, and his children be left unprepared for life's steady work. This has been the effect of mining, and it has affected our communities. Still much has been done. Business enterprises have been commenced and carried on vigorously. Schools have been established, and intelligence has been diffused generally. Churches have been organized, and houses of worship have been erected so numerously, that no settlement has been without the religious ministrations of some sect of Christians. True, these are only pioneer efforts.

Places occupied for a time are forsaken for others more promising, and religious and educational work done in one field seems to be lost, but, like bread on the waters, it is usually found again after many days.

Western people tell us that Oregon is in advance of the states from which they came, compared with the age of its settlements. We deem this an important fact, especially since we are so far from the states which furnish valuable immigration.

TRIAL OF REV. HENRY BUDGE

FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

You may be aware that a special term of the Supreme Court has been lately held in the village of Rome, N. Y., for the trial of a clergyman on the charge of wife-murder.

The said clergyman was Rev. Henry Budge of the town of Greig, Lewis co., a Congregationalist in sentiment, and a member of the Black River Association. For a year and a half past, since his wife was found one morning in her bed with her throat cut, the pastor of the "Forest church" has been pursued by a host of calumniators and conspirators, who have sought to involve character and life in the same destruction. He has triumphed at last! and his victory has come in such a way, that Bro. Budge can exclaim, in the language of the Jewish hero, "With the *jaw-bone of an ass*, heaps upon heaps,—with the jaw of an ass have I slain a thousand men!"

The thing occurred in this wise. The principal witness on behalf of the people was a physician and so-called professor in Albany, who had made a pretended examination of the body of Mrs. Budge at a second coroner's inquest, held four months after the body was buried. Upon his testimony the jury found a verdict for homicide, and it was confidently expected to obtain a like verdict by the same means on this trial in the Circuit Court.

The prosecuting counsel had carefully elaborated a series of questions, all framed to fit a homicidal interpretation of the case in hand, to every one of which the witness-in-chief, with all the gravity becoming his position, returned a ready and affirmative answer, making it perfectly clear, if the testimony was to be received, that the deceased died not by her own, but by her husband's hand. This went on very nicely for the prosecution for nearly a day, until the learned witness was delivered into the vigorous grasp of one of the counsel for the defense, a gentleman not unknown to fame—the Hon. Roscoe Conklin of Utica.

Then began a sharp, scientific dissection of medical evidence, such as I venture to say was never surpassed in the history of American jurisprudence, and which was carried forward with tremendous earnestness for two days, until the witness, involved in numberless contradictions, confronted by medical authorities of which he had no knowledge, and plied with pertinent and searching questions to which he could give no intelligent answer, was at length shown up in his true character, and exposed to the contempt and derision of all beholders. If I had room, I should like to give you some illustrations of the way in which the statements of this witness were torn in pieces, and, as it were, thrust down his own throat, by the strong hand of Mr. Conklin. A score of times, after making him repeat the testimony he had given on his direct examination, Mr. Conklin asked, "Now do you not know, sir, that the rule laid down in the books is precisely the *contrary* of this, and is stated by such and such authorities to be so and so?"—to all of which this simpleton could only reply, "I do not know—it may be so. I think I have read something of that sort." Drs. McNaughton and Mott were brought to the rescue, but they refused to sustain the evidence of their illustrious predecessors; and the Judge, out of patience with a case so evidently rotten to the core, ordered it to be given into the hands of the jury, and so, without a single witness being heard for the defense, the jury from their seats gave in a verdict of acquittal. The result, you may suppose, is hailed with joy throughout this community; but great is the indignation toward the originators and promoters of this prosecution at the expense and suffering they have occasioned an excellent and useful clergyman on grounds so trivial and absurd. Mr. Budge may be sure he has the deepest sympathy and respect of his brethren in the ministry, as well as of all right thinking persons who have been made acquainted with the troubles through which he has been passing. K.

Rome, N. Y.

Religious Intelligence.

THE AMERICAN BOARD'S REDUCTION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

In your paper of the 15th inst., I find an article on "The Board's Reduction," dated Constantinople. I wish to discuss the same subject from a different standpoint.

If I understand the practical working of the business of the Foreign Missionary Board, it is something after this fashion. All business is originated by the three Secretaries—the senior of whom occupies the same position toward the others that the presiding judge of a court sustains to the "side judges." These gentlemen decide what missions shall be commenced or discontinued, shall be increased in force or diminished. They supervise and direct the working of all the missions, so far as they can be controlled from this country, and are to them what the President and all the Cabinet, except the Secretary of the Treasury, are to the country.

The Prudential Committee, a very respectable and conservative body of men residing in Boston and the vicinity, meet once a month and spend an evening in discussing and approving the action of the Secretaries; not originating any new measures, and rarely making any alterations in those presented to them.

The Board once a year spends two days and a half, partly in devotional exercises and public addresses, and partly in approving, formally, the action of the Secretaries and Prudential Committee during the year.

If this statement is correct, Rev. Dr. Anderson, who has been Secretary of the Board so long that the memory of man—unless he is a sexagenarian—runneth not contrary thereto, has practically controlled the action of this great corporation for a third of a century past. Dr. A. is an excellent and judicious man, deservedly possessing in a high degree the confidence of the community; and perhaps no man could fill his place with equal success. But it is evident that any error of judgment—such as continuing a mission which had accomplished little and gave little promise—would be likely under such a system to be perpetuated.

Fifty years ago, when the Board was organized, Boston was the central point to the body of its supporters. Now it is an out-of-the-way provincial city, and not five Western men visit it where a hundred go to New York.

There are two leading reasons why the Congregational and Presbyterian churches should contribute to the Board that it is the most convenient manner of executing the last command of our Savior, and that they are acquainted with its plans and policy, and accord to them their approbation and confidence. Now it seems evident that in both the last-mentioned particulars there might be advantageous changes. The Board might become better known to the churches, particularly out of New England; and it might be less provincial and exclusive in the management and direction of its affairs.

It is evident from the preceding remarks that no man living more than ten miles from Boston has any more influence in the management of the affairs of the Board than he has in those of the Austrian empire. He comes in contact very rarely, unless he resides in the northern part of New England, with any officers of the Board, and is rarely reminded of its existence except by the annual collection.

Cannot there be an improvement in both these particulars? It may not be expedient to remove the place of business of the Board to New York, but certainly a sufficient part of its officers and business might be transferred there to bring it in contact with the religious community visiting that place to a much greater degree than at present.

The other point is of far greater importance. Let me suggest, very briefly, a plan for bringing the operations of the Board under the supervision of men out of Boston, so as to make them feel that they have part and lot in it. Let the Board appoint a committee, consisting of two persons from each of the five larger free states, and one from each of the others—half laymen and half clergymen—principally young and middle-aged men, who shall fairly represent the constituents of the Board. Let this committee meet at Boston in November, and continue in session until they have thoroughly examined the whole policy of the Board, reading the confidential communications, and conferring with returned missionaries. Let them *decide* what missions shall be sustained and which discontinued, and what relative support shall be given to each. Let them see whether the Society cannot be brought into close contact with the churches, and receive more ample support. Let them examine the internal machinery of education, and native agency, and determine whether any changes shall be made in the general system. After the expiration of six months, let the same committee meet again and perform the same duties; and let such a committee be appointed from year to year, and become a constituent and permanent part of the arrangements of the Board.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, Rev. Dr. Bacon, in an article in *The New Englander*, suggested a similar plan. No notice was taken of it at the subsequent meetings of the Board. But it seems to me right to say to the officers and managers of that Society, that if they wish the cordial and efficient co-operation of the churches of our land, it must become the American—not the Boston—Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Such is, at any rate, the opinion of one who has been for a quarter of a century AN HONORARY MEMBER.

THE BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

ENGLAND, August 22, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The British Wesleyan Conference is one of the largest and most venerable ecclesiastical convocations among us. Four hundred ministers were convened this year in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and their sixteen days' session has just closed under the presidency of Rev. John Rattenbury.

To be President of the Conference is the highest honor within the reach of a Methodist preacher in this country, and the contest for this distinction was this year unusually close. Rev. J. Rattenbury received 145 votes against 122 for Rev. Charles Prest. A small man was elected by the small men. A ghost of a cheer shivered through the Conference at the announcement of the figures.

There was a most exciting debate in the Conference, arising out of Rev. W. Cattle having attended and addressed a pro-church-rate meeting at Preston. Dr. Waddy introduced the matter, and deprecated any departure from the principle of non-intervention, which, he said, must be the policy of the Methodist Conference. Dr. Osborn demurred, and contended for the old notion of filial relationship and intercourse with the Church of England. Rev. J. H. Rigg followed Dr. Osborn, and declared this to be a thing of the past in strong and unqualified terms. Quite a storm was raised, and the President was powerless at a time when a *man* was preeminently needed. After a hubbub of considerable duration, Mr. Cattle apologized, and the matter dropped.

Perhaps there is no Christian church whose discipline is so strict and its execution so summary as that of British Methodism. This year, out of 1,300 ministers there have been three serious cases of discipline—H. O. for wife-beating, W. B. S. for drunkenness, and E. T. for systematic falsehood.

The charge was preferred against H. O. by his wife. A committee was appointed to investigate the case. The result was that he was convicted of brutally beating his wife, as throwing her on the ground, and nearly throttling her, and also of falsehood. He was expelled. A good riddance!

More than once before W. B. S. had been arraigned for intemperance, but he always contrived to wriggle through. This time he had been tried by his district meeting. The charges were found proven, and the Conference finally declared him disqualified for the work of the ministry.

E. T.'s case related to certain moneys which had come into his hands for building a chapel, and which were not forthcoming at the proper time, he retaining the cash, and stimulating his people to increased effort by falsely representing such effort as necessary, when the reverse was the truth. When the silly chest was discovered, the parties interested were very wrathful. But E. T. was deeply penitent—in consideration of which the Conference reappointed him to a circuit, merely putting him back on trial.

Another case, relating not to morals but to orthodoxy, occupied the attention of the Conference. Rev. Nathan Rouse, in a book entitled *Man Viewed in his Primeval, Fallen, and Millennial Condition*, was alleged to have published heterodox sentiments. The doctrine involved is that of the "natural transmission of moral purity" by parents who are themselves entirely sanctified. The Conference appointed a committee consisting of the two theological professors, Dr. Osborn, Dr. Bule, and Rev. C. Prest, to meet Mr. Rouse. The committee reported that after a long and anxious interview with the author, he had engaged to withdraw the book from circulation, to refrain from advocating his peculiar views, and to take a year seriously to re-examine the subject. The Conference adopted a resolution embracing the leading findings, and the judgment is to be inserted in the printed minutes.

The retirement of Rev. Thos. Jackson from the office of Theological Professor was a deeply affecting scene. Well-merited tributes were paid to this venerable man—now in his 78th year—by Revs. J. Scott, C. Prest, B. Gregory, J. H. Rigg, and Dr. Osborn, who all made mention of the varied and valuable services he had rendered during fifty-eight years as professor, editor, and president. The dear old man replied in a speech of great beauty, pathos, and piety, and the tide of feeling rose high. Mr. Jackson especially rejoiced that Rev. John Lomas was to be his successor by a unanimous vote. Mr. Lomas, in an address whose characteristics were sincerity, humor, and acumen, accepted the falling mantle amid general cheering.

The preaching during the Conference has been good. On the first Sabbath morning I heard Rev. W. L. Thornton on Dan. ix. 20-21, discursive, attenuated, sweet in sentiment, un-English in style, but on the whole profitable. Rev. W. T. Radcliffe, in the afternoon, gave a well-reasoned, well-illustrated, and well-expressed discourse on regeneration. It was clear, chaste, compact, complete. But Dr. Waddy eclipsed all in the evening. His sermon on Paul's prayer for the Ephesian Church was a masterly, seasonable, and satisfactory discussion of a glorious theme.

The second Sabbath was a festival. I heard Alfred Barrett in the morning with pleasure and profit. Luminous exposition, rich sentiment, and classical language were the characteristics. In the afternoon I heard Theophilus Pearson. It was a robust sermon; thought, argument, bearing, and style were all manly. At night the beloved William Arthur enchained and thrilled a large congregation by a discourse exquisite in its simplicity, illustrations, pathos, purity, and piety. It was addressed to sinners. He realized more fully my ideal of a "messenger" than any man I ever heard. How good it was to be there I cannot express!

Revival influences are being felt everywhere. It is not therefore surprising that British Methodism has a net gain this year of nearly 10,000 members, with more than 23,000 on trial.

Dr. Waddy retires from the Presidency of Sheffield College at the close of the year, to the unfeigned regret of the whole Methodist body. BETA.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

SINGULAR ADDRESS OF DR. LORD.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

This Association held its session in Portsmouth at the North Church, (Rev. Mr. Gage's,) August 27-29th. The pleasant weather, the good attendance, and the hospitality of the Portsmouth people, contributed largely to the interest of the occasion.

Tuesday evening was devoted to a free discussion of the religious use to be made of the present exigency of the country, and prayer for the divine blessing upon it.

Rev. Mr. Alvord spoke for the American Tract Society, Boston, and especially of what that Society was doing for the army.

The most remarkable thing in the whole course of the meetings was the address of Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, at the Anniversary of the Bible Society. Contrary to the courtesy due to the Society and the occasion, he gave his peculiar views a thorough ventilation. His drift was: the Bible in relation to progress and reform; and after this curious logic: *First*, the Bible is a great and good book—a most glorious sun; but, *secondly*, in shining on this dark mud-swamp of earth, this glorious sun only evokes an unwholesome vegetation, causes a putrid scum to float on the surface of the stagnating waters, hatching by its heat now and then a loathsome reptile. In this there is no fault of the sun surely, for the world is so bad there could be no better result. Therefore, *thirdly*, it is unwise to hope or labor for the improvement of man and society by using the Bible as an instrument. Only after death and the resurrection will there come a millennium, when we may hope for a better state of things. In the course of the address there was a covert reference to the state of the country, in which the doctrine of secession was essentially laid down. But doubtless the Bible Society and its kindred institutions of Christian benevolence will live and continue to have the smile of Providence, as much as though this address had not

The Pro-Slavery Rebellion.

VARIOUS FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Serenade to Commodore Stringham.

ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE CITIZENS OF BROOKLYN.

The citizens of Brooklyn made a grand demonstration on Wednesday, in honor of the hero of Fort Hatteras, Commodore Stringham. Thousands of persons collected in the City Hall Park about 9 o'clock, to form in procession for the purpose of proceeding to his residence, No. 106 Hicks street. Dodworth's band was engaged for the occasion. After playing a number of patriotic airs from the Hall steps, the procession was formed. The line of march was through Montague, Henry, Pierrepont, Willow, Pineapple, Hicks, and Clark streets, to the Commodore's residence. Many houses along the route were illuminated, and flags were displayed from a great number. The block opposite the Church of the Holy Trinity, Pierrepont House, Mansion House, and several residences in Hicks street, were particularly noticeable.

The crowd in front of the Commodore's house was so dense that the police found it exceedingly difficult to force a passage, but eventually succeeded, and Commodore Stringham soon after appeared upon the balcony, escorted by Hon. M. F. Odell, and was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by the multitude. Professor Hitchcock made a brief address, when the Commodore, turning to the people, said:

"Citizens, neighbors, friends, I cannot express in words my feelings in answer to the manifestations on this occasion. You must not expect a speech from a sailor who has never spoken to an audience except from the deck of a man-of-war. I have served under the banner of the Republic for fifty years, and shall continue to serve under it. I must say you have complimented me very highly this evening, and I suppose the compliment is also intended for the sailors of the fleet and the convoy that co-operates with us. Again I thank you."

This short, characteristic speech was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Addresses were made by Hon. James Humphrey and Hon. Charles B. Sedgwick, Member of Congress from the Twenty-fourth New York District. The band played a number of patriotic and operatic airs, and shortly after midnight the vast assemblage dispersed.

It was one of the most successful demonstrations that ever took place in the city—about 10,000 persons having participated in doing honor to a worthy citizen and a gallant and successful commander.

The Hatteras Prisoners.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE WITH THEM.

The 674 prisoners brought to this city from Hatteras Inlet are to be confined in the old frigate Brandywine, lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. But during some necessary preparations of the ship for their accommodation, they have been lodged in Castle William, Governor's Island, and Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island. They were removed to these places from Fort Lafayette on Wednesday, by the steam-boats Stephens and Saturn.

As each prisoner stepped down the gangway ladder, his name was told off by the purser's clerk, in order that all might be correct. Remarks of no complimentary nature often greeted them from the small boats during their debarkation, and also at the landing on the old dock at Governor's Island. They were sullen, and seldom made replies. In one case, a person dressed in secession uniform hailed an old comrade with joy, and told him he preferred being imprisoned here to fighting under compulsion for the Secessionists.

Commodore Barron and his first officer—a dark-featured, moustached, French-looking person—were sent to Bedloe's Island. The Commodore wore a wide-brimmed Leghorn hat, and the uniform of the United States Navy. While on the tug, he and his officers conversed rather quietly by themselves. On landing at Governor's Island they were confronted by the officers of the garrison, the commander of which seemed excited and enraged when he inquired whether "that man with the Commodore's insignia was the same man who commanded the Minnesota two years ago." The reply was in the affirmative.

Gen. Butler's Arrival in New York.

HOW THE ORIGINAL PLAN OF THE HATTERAS EXPEDITION WAS CHANGED.

Major-Gen. B. F. Butler, fresh from the triumph at Hatteras, reached New York by the 1 o'clock Philadelphia train on Wednesday, and passed the night at the Fifth-avenue Hotel. There was no public reception at the foot of Cortlandt street, as his arrival had not been anticipated. The General had barely reached his hotel before the cards of visitors began to be sent up. He looked as thoroughly browned as if he had seen service with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and his health is as robust as his best friends could wish. His physiognomy is so very peculiar as to strike the most casual observer as that of a man of great determination, activity, and shrewdness. As he sits in his chair, his head sunken between his shoulders, and moving irregularly from side to side, he looks for all the world like a bald eagle watching for his swoop.

The General showed to several members of the press the route of the expedition as projected at Washington, and the route actually followed. From these it seems that the intention of the Government had been that the expedition should take and destroy the forts at Hatteras Inlet, and then go about two and a half miles up the channel to the westward, to a spot known as the Bulkhead, and sink a stone-boat across the channel, which is here not more than 75 to 100 yards wide, thus effectually sealing up the port of Newbern. But Gen. Butler, on reaching the ground, thought the best interests of the country would be served by adopting a diametrically different course; so the forts were garrisoned instead of destroyed, and the stone-boats were anchored under the guns of the forts instead of being sunk at the Bulkhead. If the way up to Newbern had been blocked, not only would the privateers have been excluded, but our own light-draft vessels could not have got up to the place to make an attack and recapture the fifty-three prizes which lie anchored in that port. By retaining the two forts at Hatteras, we shall command the whole coast of North Carolina and the direct route to Norfolk, and establish a coaling station 150 miles nearer our blockading squadron than Hampton Roads.

Letter from Chaplain B. W. Chidlaw.

CAMP BENTON, MO., Sept. 2, 1861.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The life of a chaplain in camp is no sinecure. I am highly favored in the co-operation of our officers, and in the hopeful material composing the rank and file of the regiment, the 39th Ohio, Col. John Groesbeck of Cincinnati. When we arrived here we found our camp at once surrounded by liquor sellers, establishing their booths, snares of the devil to destroy our gallant men. The next day Col. G. detailed a squad of men, who carried the war into Africa against these venders of bad whisky. The soil of Missouri was well moistened with the death-producing stuff, and this potent ally of secession and demoralization was completely abated. At our dress parade, 5 P.M. each day, at the request of our officers, we have our evening worship. Standing with the staff in front of the regiment, I read a portion of Scripture and offer a prayer. This service appears to impress the regiment very favorably, and the crowd of visitors from the city witness our service with evident interest. On Sabbath, at 10 A.M., our regiment marched out to an adjoining grove, where we held divine service. The attention of the men was all I could desire, and many appeared deeply interested At 2 P.M. I established a "Soldier's Sunday-school," and enrolled ninety-three names of scholars and four teachers. Our lesson was the fifth chapter of Matthew. Thus an hour of worship and instruction was pleasantly spent. Our school, held in an unfinished barracks, attracted quite a number of visitors. One of them asked me, "Of what religion are you and these men?" I told her, "The religion of Christ." She responded, "That is right; God bless you." I believe that there is a conquering power in the religious element, and that its influence is felt by Secessionists surrounding us. The conduct of our men has favorably impressed the people around us. Our camp is surrounded by gardens, corn-fields, orchards. Not a complaint of any depredations has been made. This makes us many friends.

For the purpose of becoming acquainted with one another as professors of religion, and to help each other in the divine life, we have formed a very simple organization called "The Christian Brotherhood of the 39th Regiment O. V. U. S. A." Some sixty names are already enrolled, and as I visit the squads others are added. "One in Christ" is our motto, and "To live for him" our watchword. Amid many discouragements and constantly occurring difficulties, we feel encouraged—looking unto Jesus we shall toil on. Last Saturday we had a meeting of chaplains in St. Louis, for consultation and prayer. The following brethren were present; Rev. F. A. Heusing, (Meth. Ep.,) of the 25th Indiana; Rev. T. W. Jones (Meth. Ep.,) 1st Missouri Cavalry; Rev. John Eaton, Jr., (Cong.,) 27th Indiana: Rev. Ch. Fitch, (O.-S. Presb.,) 24th Illinois; Rev. C. M. Blake, (Bapt.,) 13th Missouri; Rev. J. Ufford, (Epis.,) 6th Iowa; Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, (N.-S. Presb.,) 39th Ohio. Our meeting was a very profitable one. We talked about our work, and how to do it, and our united prayers went up to God for grace to do our work so that God should be honored, souls saved, and our country blessed. B. W. CHIDLAW.

The National Army to Observe the Sabbath.

An important order has been issued by Gen. McClellan, providing for a better observance of the Sabbath in the national army. He recommends that all work be suspended on that day, except in the case of an attack by the enemy or some other extreme military necessity; that no unnecessary movements shall be made; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest; and that they shall attend divine service after the customary morning inspection.

A Diabolical Outrage by the Missouri Rebels.

A RAILROAD BRIDGE BURNED AND TRAIN THROWN OFF THE TRACK.

Seventeen Persons Killed and a Large Number Wounded.

We have particulars of a most diabolical outrage in Missouri, committed by rebels—being nothing less than the throwing of a railroad train from a bridge, precipitating the innocent passengers to a distance of thirty-five feet.

The catastrophe occurred at Little Platte River bridge, nine miles east of St. Joseph. The bridge was a substantial work of one hundred feet span. The timbers of the bridge had been burned underneath the track until they would sustain but little more than their own weight, and the fire was then extinguished, leaving the bridge a mere shell. The train, bringing from eighty-five to one hundred passengers, including women and children, reached the river at 11 o'clock at night, and, the bridge looking secure, passed on; but no sooner had the locomotive measured its length upon the bridge than some forty or fifty yards of the structure gave way, precipitating the entire train into the abyss below. All the seats in the passenger coaches were torn and broken in front, carrying men, women, and children in a promiscuous heap down the declivity, and burying them beneath the crushed timbers, or throwing them out of the cars through the broken sides. Some were mangled by the machinery tearing through the timbers; several were caught between planks pressing together like a vice; others were struck by parts of the roof as it came down with mighty force; still others were cut with pieces of glass; while wounds and blood and agony prevailed all over the scene, and shrieks of pain were mingled with cries of terror. In this the two last cars of the train went down, pitching the passengers into the wreck, or throwing them into the water, which at this point was about a foot and a half in depth. Only three persons were able to afford assistance to the sufferers—the remainder of those who were not killed outright being so disabled as to be helpless.

Such is the wickedness of the rebels that they resort to murderous practices which savages would disdain to use.

Russia and the Rebellion.

A DISPATCH FROM THE EMPEROR TO HIS MINISTER.

The Acknowledgment of Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8, 1861.

The Russian Minister, M. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on Saturday, and read to him the following dispatch:

Translation.] "ST. PETERSBURG, July 10, 1861.

"M. DE STOECKL, etc.—SIR: From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America, you have been desired to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which keeps in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union. The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, that American citizens, already in arms, are ready to let loose upon their country the most formidable of the scourges of political society—a civil war.

"For more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise, and its progress, to the concord of its members, concentrated under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile with Union liberty. This Union has been faithful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact, which up to this time has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their Constitutions, and of their interests, and perhaps even because of their diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional bond, which is the basis of the very conditions of their political existence. In every event, the sacrifices which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it, are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United, they perfect themselves; isolated, they are paralyzed.

"The struggle which unhappily has arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to coexist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and of public riches, and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals, shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties of the Confederation, to end, definitely, in their mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

"Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations.

"His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government and the influential men in the two parties will seize all occasions, and employ all their efforts to calm the excitement of passions. There is no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

"If, within the terms of your friendly relations, your language and your councils may contribute to this result, you will respond, sir, to the intentions of His Majesty the Emperor, in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments toward the American Union. This Union is not simply in our eyes an element essential to the universal political equilibrium; it constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest, for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, back in the ascending periods of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other.

"I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to test the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wishes which His Majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work so laboriously raised, and which appeared so rich in its future.

"It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the General Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

"Receive, sir, the expression of my very deep consideration.
(Signed) "GORTSCHAKOFF."

The Secretary of State has delivered to M. Stoeckl the following acknowledgment:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Sept. 7, 1861.

"The Secretary of State of the United States is authorized by the President to express to M. De Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly, and magnanimous sentiments of His Majesty on the subject of internal differences, which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated in the instruction from Prince Gortchakoff to M. De Stoeckl, and by him read, by His Majesty's direction, to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State. M. De Stoeckl will express to his Government the satisfaction with which the Government regards this new guaranty of a friendship between the two countries which had its beginning with the national existence of the United States. The Secretary of State offers to M. De Stoeckl renewed assurances of his high consideration. "WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

"M. ED. DE STOECKL, etc."

Commodore Barron's Conduct.

A circumstance has transpired which places the conduct of our prisoner, Commodore Barron, in a most atrocious light. It was not enough that he, an officer of the U. S. Navy, who had been educated and supported by Government, should have violated his oath, perjured his soul, and become a traitor and rebel to the land of his birth, but he, a naval officer, actually gave orders that the light on Cape Hatteras should be extinguished, thus luring innocent merchant vessels to destruction. The order-book of Major Andrews, commanding at Fort Hatteras, proves his guilt completely.

New Hospital at Alexandria.

The new hospital at Alexandria, accommodating 100, has been filled, and the general hospital, cleared of many inmates, is in readiness to receive the wounded in battle. Most of those wounded at Bull Run have recovered, and all the sick are doing well.

Acquittal of August Douglass.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1861.

The trial of August Douglass of Baltimore for high misdemeanor, on a charge of endeavoring to induce desertion, and enlistment for the Confederates, resulted in his honorable acquittal, the jury finding him "not guilty."

Capture of Rebel Emissaries.

On Wednesday morning a detachment of men from two companies of the 2d Fire Zouaves, under direction of Gen. Sickles, captured four prominent rebel emissaries, six miles below the East Branch. The Government have been on the watch for them for some time, as they have been active in conveying information between Maryland and Virginia. With them were taken several letters supposed to contain important information, and a military uniform, with two loaded revolvers.

A Renegade Chaplain.

The National Republican, Washington, says:

"We are sorry to say that several chaplains have already shown themselves to be very bad Christians, and that they are not proof against temptation. In this connection we are reminded of an incident which occurred a few days ago. A chaplain belonging to a regiment in the vicinity of Washington, and who was also the postmaster of the regiment, was known to have robbed the mail, and an officer went to the encampment to arrest him. As he approached the *good* man's tent he thought he heard the voice of prayer—he stopped and listened, and then cautiously looked in, when he saw the guilty chaplain and a soldier on their knees. The officer withdrew, and arrested him the next day in the street."

Seceding Wives.

The Norfolk correspondent of *The Petersburg Express* writes:

"Mrs. Commodore Pendergast, who is a Southern lady, is still in Norfolk. She refuses to join her husband at the fort; says she will never live with him again, and it is reported that she will apply for a divorce. The wife of another reprobate, who is at the fort, is in Norfolk, and has a pistol loaded, with which she says she intends shooting her liege-lord upon sight."

Most likely she will *present arms* before she fires.

Naval Academy at Newport.

The Atlantic House at Newport has been leased by the Navy Department for the establishment of a branch of the Naval Academy therein during the winter months.

Incidents of the 14th Massachusetts Regiment.

This regiment (Col. Greene's) is now in the exclusive occupation of Fort Albany, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. It is a very important post, commanding Fort Runnion and Washington. Col. Greene is at once a strict disciplinarian, and extremely popular with his officers and men. In preparation for a review of Richardson's Brigade, to which his regiment is attached, he had, a few days ago, led his men to the parade ground, out of the fort, leaving it in command of that good officer, Capt Day, of Marblehead. Shortly after, the President and Gen. McClellan, on horseback, unattended, came to the fort, and were quietly riding into it, when Capt. Day seized the General's horse and backed him out of the gateway. The General said, "I am the Major-General in command of the army of the Potomac." The Captain said, "You may be, but I don't know you, and I must obey orders." The General then said, "But this is the President of the United States." The Captain hesitated, and carefully surveyed the President. The face was so unmistakable—the same "Old Abe" he had seen in the shop-windows of Marblehead, in illustrated newspapers in transparencies, and in so many Republican buttonholes, that seeing was believing, and he "concluded" to yield to that face what he had refused to some one in the uniform of a Major-General.

A few days before, an officer of the regiment falling into conversation with some five gentlemen on their way to Arlington House, found that two of them were Andrew Johnson and Col. Temple of Tennessee, and conducted them through the fort. They walked about, and finally were seen sighting guns upon the ramparts by the Colonel. He sent for them, and said he couldn't allow strangers in the fort sighting his pieces. Some one said, "This is Hon. Andrew Johnson of Tennessee." The Colonel said, "That may be, but I don't know Mr. Johnson, and my duty is plain." "But these two gentlemen are members of Congress." "*Then my duty is peremptory.* You must leave the fort at once." Col. Temple afterwards said that both Mr. Johnson and himself were delighted with the Colonel's decisiveness, and his feeling for members of Congress on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

Commodores Barron and Stringham.

When Commodore Barron and his officers descended to the deck of the flag-ship Minnesota, where Commodore Stringham was stationed on the quarter-deck to receive him, General Butler presented Barron to the gallant old Commodore, saying, "Commodore Barron—Commodore Stringham." The latter, raising himself up to his full hight, looked the traitor straight in the eye, and barely inclining his head, replied, "I have seen Mr. Barron before." Barron, who has always prided himself on the *hauteur monde*, fairly winced under the whole volume of honest sarcasm contained in that look and sentence.

When the first salutations were made between the U. S. officers and Commodore Barron, he asked, "How many were killed on the fleet?" The answer was, "None." "How many were wounded?" "None," was the reply. "Why," he exclaimed, "you astonish me. I thought that to capture these forts it would cost a thousand lives, and it would be cheap at that."

Court-Martial of Col Dehna.

ST. LOUIS, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1861.

Col. Dehna of the Indiana Legion has been court-martialed on a charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced to be dismissed from the service of the United States. The court was presided over by Gen. Pope, and the finding has been approved by Gen. Fremont.

Seizure of Property belonging to the Rebels in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1861.

Yesterday the U. S. Marshal seized the interest of citizens of the rebel states in merchandise now for sale on commission in this city, amounting to $50,000.

Arrest of a Secessionist.

BOSTON, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1861.

James Leguire, hailing from Halifax, N. S., was arrested in this city to-day, on a charge of conspiring against the Government. He has been committed for trial at the next term of the U. S. District Court. Bail was refused. Leguire was bound for Memphis, and a uniform was found in his trunk, and other suspicious circumstances led to his arrest.

Arrest of a reported Rebel Captain.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1861.

James Chapin of Vicksburg, reported to be a captain in the rebel army, was arrested at the residence of his father-in-law in this village to-day, by U. S. Marshal Burt of Albany, by virtue of a warrant of the Secretary of State. He is to go to Fort Lafayette.

The Arrest of H. A Reeve.

GREENPORT, L. I., Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1861.

The news of the arrest of H. A. Reeve, editor of *The Watchman*, published here, causes great rejoicing among our Union men.

The North Carolina Congressmen—The Union Feeling.

Charles H. Foster of North Carolina, who arrived in Washington on Wednesday, reports that he and five others were elected Representatives to the United States Congress on August 1st, the day appointed by law for holding the election. He says that there is a strong Union feeling in the state, and that the Governor is inclined to Unionism.

Indiana Volunteers.

Schuyler Colfax said a while ago that Indiana would have 25,000 men in the field in a fortnight. That state will have 37,000 men in the field (exclusive of those in the state camps) by the 10th of this month, well armed and equipped.

Bombardment of Galveston.

Galveston, in Texas, got incidentally bombarded on the 3d of August. The Galvestonian batteries opened a fire upon one of our steam-tenders at day-dawn, which was politely returned. Commander Alden, of the blockading steamer South Carolina, waited for explanations or apologies till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He then stood for the batteries, which again opened on him. After returning fifteen shot, the Commander, apprehensive that he would harm the innocent people of the town more than the rascals in the batteries, withdrew. The South Carolina was not struck. The foreign Consuls, headed, of course, by the English Consul, got up a protest, expressing their astonishment at and abhorrence of Commander Alden's inhumanity and violation of the laws of civilized warfare. Some corpses were buried outside of the battery.

Black Hair Turned White

Much sympathy was excited for one of the treasonable persons who, when taken to Fort Lafayette, had coal-black hair and whiskers, which in a few days became almost white. Remorse was believed to be the cause, but he explained that it was only deprivation of his accustomed hair dye.

Miss Dix with Gen. Fremont.

Miss Dix arrived in Chicago on Friday evening *en route* for St. Louis, whither she has been summoned by Gen. Fremont, for the purpose of organizing three hospitals for wounded soldiers.

Tit for Tat.

A Presbyterian clergyman, while walking the deck of a steamer at St. Johns, N. B., where secessionism has considerable footing, noticing the American flag flying from the masthead of a ship, tauntingly said to Col. Favor: "Why don't you take a slice off that flag, since you have lost a portion of your country?" Yankee like, the Col. quickly replied: "Why don't *you* tear a leaf from your Bible because a part of your church have fallen from grace?" The clergyman had no more to say on that subject.

A Son of Com. Vanderbilt.

Lieut. G. W. Vanderbilt, 9th Infantry, son of Commodore Vanderbilt, has taken charge of the regular recruiting office in Boston, vice Capt. Amory, 7th Infantry, who has been appointed to the Colonelcy of the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers.

Small Treasury Notes for Soldiers.

AN ORDER FROM GEN. SCOTT.

The following order has just been issued by Lieut.-Gen. Scott:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 3, 1861.

"The General-in-Chief is happy to announce that the Treasury Department, to meet future payments to the troops, is about to supply, beside coin, as heretofore, Treasury notes, in fives, tens, and twenties, as good as gold at all banks and Government offices throughout the United States, and most convenient for transportation by mail from officers and men to their families at home. Good husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, serving under the Stars and Stripes, will thus soon have the ready and safe means of relieving an immense amount of suffering which could not be reached with coin. In making up such packages, every officer may be relied upon, no doubt, for such assistance as may be needed by his men.

"By command of Lieut.-General Scott.

"E. D. TOWNSEND, Assistant Adj't-Gen."

Who Hoisted the Flag on Fort Clark?

Commodore Stringham has made a supplementary report, in which he says:

"I venture to relate two incidents. The raising the U. S. flag upon Fort Clark I have mentioned, and that it was a deed of noble daring was apparent to friends and enemies. It was done by a sailor from the Pawnee, one of the few from that vessel out of their ship, their boat having been swamped in landing troops. The Minnesotians yet talk of J. D. Kraigbaum and his gunsponge. He accidently dropped overboard his sponge and instantly jumped after it, grasped it, swam up to the port, and was helped in by his comrades. When asked by his officer why he did so rash an act, he replied that he 'did not want his gun to be disgraced.'"

Gen. Lyon's Last Words.

A correspondent of *The Missouri Democrat* states, on the authority of Dr. H. Riechenbach, a surgeon of the 1st Iowa Regiment, the very last words which fell from the lips of Gen. Lyon. The Doctor was within a few feet of him when he fell, and was instantly at his side. The General was reclining in the arms of his body servant, when, turning partially round, he said: "*Lehmann, I am going up.*"

Admission of Missouri.

A bill admitting Missouri into the Southern Confederacy, on certain conditions, was passed by the Confederate Congress on Monday, August 19th. The conditions are that Missouri shall duly ratify the constitution of the Southern Confederacy, through her legally constituted authority, which authority is declared to be the government of Gov. Jackson, who was lately deposed.

Arizona taken by the Rebels.

NEW ORLEANS, August 27th.

Colonel Baylor proclaims that he has taken possession of Arizona in behalf of the Confederate States, and declares that all civil and military offices are vacant, and provides for a government for the territory, until such time as the Confederate Congress otherwise provides.

Practical Joke of a Chicago Fire Zouave.

A member of the New York Fire Zouaves who went from this city to join Col. Ellsworth in April, and who, until then, had been an industrious typo in *The Chicago Tribune* office, was out on picket duty one day, when the following incident occurred:

AN F. F. V., with rather more than the usual supercilliousness of his race, rode up in a carriage from the direction of Alexandria, driven of course by his "servant." Zoo-zoo stepped into the road, holding his bayonet in such a way as to threaten horse, negro, and white man at one charge, and roared out "TICKETS!" Mr. V. turned up his lip, set down his brows, and by other gestures indicated his contempt for such mudsills as the soldier before him, ending by handing his pass over to the darkey and motioning for him to get out and show it to Zoo-zoo.

"All right," said the latter, glancing at it, "move on"—accompanying the remark with a jerk at the coat collar of the colored person, which sent him spinning several paces down the road. "Now, sir, what do you want?" addressing the astonished white man.

White man had by this time recovered his tongue. "Want? I want to go on, of course. That was my pass."

"Can't help it," replied Zoo; "it says pass the *bearer*, and the bearer is already passed. You can't get two men through *this* picket on one man's pass."

Mr. V. reflected a moment, glanced at the bayonet in front of him, and then called out to his black man to come back. Sambo approached cautiously, but felt back in confusion when the "shooting-stick" was brandished toward his own breast.

"Where's your pass, sirrah?" asked Zoo-zoo.

"Here, massa," said the chattel, presenting the same one he had received from the gent in the carriage.

"Won't do," replied the holder of the bayonet. "That passes you to Fairfax. Can't let any one come *from* Fairfax on *that* ticket. Move on." A stamp of the foot sent Sambo down the road on a hand gallop.

"Now, sir, if you stay here any longer, I shall take you under arrest to headquarters," he continued.

Mr. V. grabbled up his lines, wheeled around, and went off at the fastest trot his horses could manage over the "sacred soil." Whether Sambo ever hunted his master up is not known.

Not Afraid to Publish our Losses.

Harriet Martineau, writing from England to *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, in this city, says:

"AUGUST 12, 1861.

"SIR: We begin to take comfort now as the mails come in. It is not only that the losses of the Union forces are less than were reported at first, but that the spirit of candor with which the extent of the mischief is avowed, is creditable and hopeful. During our last war, every body seemed to think it silly to own to our misfortunes and mismanagement as we did; but we do not regret it, and we are glad to see that you follow the same course. On the Danube and in the Crimea, the Russian loss was reported, a hundred times over, 'under the Count's and nothing ever known of the losses of the French, either in battle or from disease. We cannot endure the thought of the cruelty of burying away thousands of men in an underhand way, and never letting their families know what has become of them; but Czars and Emperors, and their tools, think this is prudence, and fortitude, and many other fine things. We like much better the truer prudence and higher fortitude with which you have recognized your actual position under this great reverse, and are at once setting to work to repair it."

Corrupting the Navy.

It is stated that the Navy Department has received information from Capt. Inman, Flag Officer of the African Squadron, to the effect that circulars have been sent to naval officers of Southern birth in his command, by the Confederate Government, urging them to desert the service.

Protecting Cotton.

At one of the Saratoga hops this season, a stray Secessionees from the sunny South wore a small secession flag on her breast, with the motto, "Shall we not protect our cotton?"

Cap Factory at Nashville.

The state musket percussion-cap factory of Tennessee is now making over one million percussion-caps per week, and can increase its rapidity to thrice that number if necessary.

Passes at St. Louis.

The Republican describes scenes at the office of the Provost-Marshal in furnishing passes to persons wishing to leave the city. It says:

"The Provost-Marshal pulled off his coat, seated himself at his desk, and was speedily surrounded by a dense crowd, armed with passes from the clerk, and only awaiting the simple signature of 'J. H. McKinstry,' etc. As each individual submitted his pass, the Provost-Marshal signed his name, looking all the while with his keen, searching eyes directly at the applicant, and propounding two or three inquiries, such, for instance, as the following to a young and smart-looking chap, who had a pass for Springfield: 'Going to Springfield?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Live there?' 'Yes, sir,' (in an undertone.) 'Not very profitable to be a Minute man, is it?' (No reply, but a slightly confused and indignant look.) In the meantime the signature has been affixed to the pass, in a bold hand. Directly the young man is in possession of the important 'open sesame,' and is leaving the room, when down falls the head of the Provost-Marshal upon a little silver bell at his side, and simultaneously he cries out 'Spot!' Two minutes later, as the young man bound for Springfield is politely requested by an officer to consider himself as under arrest. The cries of 'Spot' were numerous during the Provost-Marshal's eight hours' sitting, for the purpose of signing passes on Saturday."

Gov. Magoffin, Mr. Lincoln, and Jeff. Davis.

Gov. Magoffin of Kentucky, a few days ago, sent commissioners to Washington, with a letter to the President which requested the removal of the Government forces from the state. Mr. Lincoln replied that the forces were all Kentuckians, that they were there at the urgent solicitation of the Union men of the state, and he decidedly declined to remove them. There is a home-trust in Mr. Lincoln's letter, where, after joining Magoffin in a desire to preserve peace in Kentucky, he says: "It is with regret I search and cannot find in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union." But, on the same day that he sent these men to President Lincoln, the double-faced Magoffin sent also a commissioner to Jeff. Davis, bearing a very gingerly-worded letter, recognizing Davis by his assumed title of "President of the Confederate States," and telling him that inasmuch as he (Magoffin) had warned Lincoln off Kentucky soil, he hoped Davis would not complicate matters by allowing the rebels to intrude. Of course Davis complies, as a mere form, knowing very well that Magoffin would be the last man to complain of such invasion. At the same time he intimated that as the door is open to United States troops it must not be shut to the rebels. Evidences are multiplying that Gov. Magoffin is working into the hands of the traitors.

Gen. Butler declining to be a Candidate for Governor.

Gen. Butler, on the day before the attack upon the forts at Cape Hatteras, wrote a letter to a friend in Lowell, in regard to presenting his name as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He says that he knows "no politics in any sense, save as represented by the question—how best to preserve the Union and restore the country in its integrity;" and while declining to have his name used in connection with the office, recommends that the people should nominate Governor Andrew for re-election.

Engagement in North Missouri.

A correspondent of *The N. Y. Times*, writing from St. Louis, says:

"The mail agent of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad has arrived, bringing startling intelligence from North Missouri. He relates that the 2d Kansas Regiment, while on their way home, was attacked at Shelbina by a large force of Secessionists under Green, and that a bloody conflict resulted. He also states that the Kansas men made a gallant fight, and after a lengthened battle repulsed the Secessionists with great slaughter, killing some twenty-two of them, including their leader. I doubt the most of this report, and especially the last part, for during an experience of some months among Missouri state troops I have never known them to stand fire when there was a prospect of any of them being killed; and never have I known a case where the leader of any of these predatory bands allowed himself to get in a position where there was the slightest danger of figuring afterwards among the list of the honored dead. So be assured that Mr. Green did not lead them, or, if he did, was not green enough to establish the singular (in Missouri) precedent of putting himself in a position where the least injury would result. Let the friends and relatives of Mr. Green be of good cheer."

From Gen. Fremont.

Our reports of the condition of Gen. Fremont's command are of the most gratifying character. St. Louis is represented to be a vast camp. Regiment after regiment is pouring in daily. It is estimated that Gen. Fremont already has 70,000 men under him.

A Nobility for America.

In the number of *De Bow's Review* for July, 1860, is an elaborate article from the pen of George Fitzhugh, Esq., author of "Sociology of the South," and long a prominent advocate of disunion. In the article designated he gives expression to the following aspiration:

"England has once tried to dispense with nobility, and France twice, but each experiment was a failure. In America we have the aristocracy of wealth and talents, and that aristocracy is somewhat hereditary. The landed aristocracy of the South, who own slaves, approach somewhat to the English nobility. Time must determine whether the quasi aristocracy of the South has sufficient power, permanence, and privilege to give stability, durability, and good order to society. It is sufficiently patriotic and conservative in its feelings, but we fear, wants the powers, privileges, and prerogatives that the experience of all other countries has shown to be necessary."

Gerrit Smith's View.

Gerrit Smith says of Fremont's proclamation:

"The step of General Fremont is the first unqualifiedly and purely right one in regard to our colored population, which has taken place during the war. The like step will soon be taken in the other slave states. Then the second step regarding that population will be to accept the help of these freed slaves as guides, spies, builders, soldiers, sailors. It is not enough that we take them from the service of our foe. We must go further and take them into our own. And the third and last step will be to proclaim the right and obligation of the slaves of the loyal also to afford us such help. Thanks to Fremont, and I trust to the Administration also, a common-sense way (I do not say the very best way) of striking at the foe as at last being entered upon.

Perseverance in it for only a few months, or if with rapid steps for only a few weeks, will bring us to victory."

What the Enemy Knew Beforehand of the Hatteras Expedition.

The capture of Com. Barron and his confederates at Fort Hatteras has revealed an important fact, which the Government should not be slow in turning to account. We have it from the most undoubted authority that officers who surrendered admitted that they received from Fortress Monroe exact information in relation to the preparation of the expedition, and its precise destination, so that they were not taken by surprise. The authorities at Richmond had therefore dispatched these important officers to take command, and large re-enforcements were on the way. A most rigid investigation should at once be instituted to discover the sources from whence the plans of the Government were thus betrayed, and to mete out to the traitors their proper reward. It is no mitigation of the crime that no evil results from such treason; there can be but one opinion as to the desert of its author. Our officers are almost disposed to regret that the re-enforcements were not allowed to land, as they would have made a much larger haul of prisoners.

Rifled Cannon Ordered.

General Butler has procured from Government an order for eighteen cannon, rifled on the Sawyer pattern, with 200 shells for each. He expressed the opinion that the Sawyer guns are superior to all others.

What a Slaveholder Thinks of the War.

What some of the Border-state Unionists think of slavery is pretty clearly stated in a speech which Rev. W. B. Carter of East Tennessee delivered in Cincinnati last Monday night. "I am a slaveholder," said Mr. Carter. "My ancestors, for three generations, have been slaveholders; therefore, I cannot be charged with any prejudice against slavery. But I tell you before, that I regard the union of the states as of infinitely more value than all the negroes in America, and Africa too. Nay, I go further, and say that if the prosecution of this war and the perpetuation of the Union require that African slavery shall die, then I say: let it perish."

A Brigade of Colored Men Offered.

Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Mexican war, three months ago offered to our Government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

Gen. Fremont's Proclamation in England and Europe.

Well-informed Englishmen and Americans just returned from Europe, represent that Gen. Fremont's proclamation, being tangible, and going straight at a moral principle, will produce a prodigious influence in England, France, and Germany, and will cut right to the sympathies of the people, through all the prejudices and misconceptions which the Morrill tariff has been used to envelop the facts of this rebellion with.

Chaplaincies.

There were forty or fifty applicants for the chaplaincy of Rev. Col. Perry's Brooklyn Regiment; Rev. Dr. Strickland, one of the editors of *The New York Christian Advocate and Journal*, being the successful candidate.

Missouri and the Southern Confederacy.

A bill admitting Missouri into the Southern Confederacy, on certain conditions, was passed by the Confederate Congress on Monday, August 19th. The conditions are that Missouri shall duly ratify the Constitution of the Southern Confederacy through her legally constituted authority, which authority is declared to be the government of Governor Jackson, who was lately deposed. President Davis is also authorized to muster into the Confederate service, in Missouri, such troops as may volunteer to serve in the Southern army. The bill likewise empowers the President of the Confederate States, at his discretion, at any time prior to the admission of said state as a member of the Confederacy, to perfect and proclaim an alliance, offensive and defens

The Independent.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1861.

THE CALL TO REPENTANCE.

Not Christians only, but many men of the world, acknowledge the propriety of the call for national humiliation and repentance which has issued from the Government at Washington. Mr. Buchanan's recommendation of a day of fasting and prayer was regarded by many as almost a mockery of the divine forbearance. When his own wicked or imbecile complicity with treason, plotted and avowed in his cabinet and by his official appointees, had brought the country to the verge of civil war, and calamities and horrors which he might have averted by a stroke were thickening about us, it seemed a mockery of prayer for him to recommend fasting and humiliation to avert the divine judgment. Yet the religious people of the country, always glad to encourage any disposition in public men to acknowledge religion, and always recognizing the duty and propriety of calling upon God, observed that day with seriousness and true devotion. Now, however, it is felt that we have cause for humiliation and penitence, not in our Government but in ourselves;—that we have reason to mourn not the follies of rulers but the sins of the people; and the hand of God is upon us so visibly and so heavily, that we are moved to cry to him for deliverance.

Of the sin of rebellion we are guiltless. We may have done nothing directly to bring on the war. The crime of plunging the nation into war may rest wholly upon our enemies. But we cannot therefore magnify our innocency, and exonerate ourselves from all responsibility for present calamities. The justice of our cause is not synonymous with personal righteousness. The excellence of the Government we seek to defend is no proof of our sinlessness in respect to the causes that threaten its destruction. The Israelites had institutions given by God himself, and a land bestowed upon their fathers by covenant; yet they were at times so guilty as a nation as to need the chastisement of war, of famine, of pestilence, or of exile. Our pride, our luxury, our habit of self-assertion, our growing materialism, our profaneness, Sabbath-breaking, infidelity, our increasing complicity as a nation with the crime of slavery—first branded, then tolerated, then defended, then adopted—our daring denial of God in high places, all this has accumulated upon us a weight of guilt that calls for judgment. When in 1850 "the higher law" was scoffed at in the Senate and by the press, and for the sake of the Union the National Congress paid its infamous homage to slavery by adopting the fugitive-slave law, we felt that there could be no way out of that iniquity but the way of judgment;—that repentance would come too late—that the honor of God and the principles of his government over the world must be vindicated against this nation, by a retribution that should be memorable in all after time. It was meet that our retribution should arise from the very sin we had nurtured, and should fall upon the very Union for whose sake we had sold ourselves to do iniquity. There is enough in the history of the past ten years to call us to deep humiliation and repentance as a nation.

But we must be careful not to lose our consciousness of personal guilt and our sense of individual responsibility, in the review of public and national sins. When Israel on one occasion professed humility, the Lord declared his dissatisfaction with them because they failed to exhibit a personal repentance: "I hearkened and heard, but they spake not aright: no man repented *him* of his wickedness, saying, what have *I* done? every one turned to his course, as the horse rusheth into the battle." In order that our national humiliation may be thorough, we must do thoroughly the work of personal repentance. Each man must begin with his own heart.

But why postpone this until the day of public fasting and prayer? Why should one conscious of sin, defer for one moment his confession and humiliation before God, and his renunciation of the offense? God has come near to individuals, to humble them with his chastisements; and many a Christian finds occasion now to mourn his worldliness and neglect of duty. And many who have never professed to humble themselves before God, in these times of calamity and judgment may be led to personal heart-searching, and to that godly sorrow for sin, which is unto life. Let every heart first do its own work of repentance.

OUR FOUR MILLION ALLIES.

That hale old Reformer, Lieut.-General J. Perronet Thompson, once Governor of Sierra Leone, is one of the few Englishmen who thoroughly comprehend the relations of our civil war to slavery. He sees the double mistake of his countrymen upon this subject—one party advocating secession to secure cotton and prevent a servile war, another withholding sympathy from the Union because the President does not issue a proclamation of immediate emancipation;—and with a vigorous pen, he has exposed in various English journals, the ignorance and supercilliousness of both parties. Gen. Thompson, though also once a member of Parliament, is not to be confounded with Mr. George Thompson, ex-M.P. Though a no less pronounced abolitionist, he is a man of higher caliber, and of much more breadth of common sense, than the noted itinerating defamer of the United States Constitution and the American ministry and churches. The following letter, lately received by an editor of this journal, will interest and gratify our readers:

Eliot Vale, Blackheath, Aug. 16, 1861.

Dear Sir: I write to express the satisfaction which has been felt on falling in with some of your numbers in England, and the pleasure with which any practicable co-operation would be given.

The professed anti-slavery men in England are, from various causes, not equal to the situation; and it is not clear they are not to some extent in bad hands.

The great object of the half-hearted and the bad-hearted is to throw cold water on the rising feeling that slavery ought to be proclaimed non-existent in the rebel states, and that rebels have no claim for a subscription to preserve their property justly forfeited, and particularly when they can prove no loss—the cultivation of their estates by free labor being offered them at a cheaper rate than by slave.

The two great frauds put forward to delude weak brethren are, that there is a great difference between slavery and the slave-trade; that the first is a "domestic institution," and therefore ought not to be touched; and that there would be tremendous dangers to the white rebels if liberty to their slaves were declared.

The answers to which are, that slavery and the slave-trade are twin sisters, and to cut down one is doing nothing without the other; that the *cities of the plain* had an "institution," and to all appearances a "domestic" one; and that the perils to the white population, in the supposed supremacy of a Northern military force, are tube for the whale.

The other fraud is that of the Governmental men, who jump at the chance expressions of probably some slaveholder to pick a quarrel with the Northern states, and foment it by the mission of the "Great Ship." In pursuance of this idea, they harp upon the Northern states not having all at once proceeded to a declaration of the non-existence of slavery in places occupied by the American arms; the visible object being to prevent the accumulation of feeling which should assist toward such a consummation.

On the military misfortune which has occurred, friends in England have only to note the military absurdity of refusing to invite the co-operation of four millions of allies in the enemy's rear, and going to attack him in intrenchments which he has 12,000 of what ought to be your allies engaged in digging. It is hoped we have seen the last of this.

Inclosed are a few articles which may or may not have come into your hands before. And, as will be testified by printer's marks on some of them, the whole are preparing for republication in an 8vo form with as little delay as possible

Yours very sincerely,

J. Perronet Thompson.

The suggestion that we have "*four millions of allies in the enemy's rear*," is one that we ought to profit by. Coming from a military man, who studies with scientific as well as philanthropic interest the plan of our campaign, it is worthy of the attention of our generals. In the articles which Gen. Thompson incloses are some military hints as to the best way of making these allies available. We give the following extracts:

"Operations in the South are difficult by reason of the climate. The enemy has brought out the Indian tomahawk, as suited to the state of the thermometer. What a judicial blindness must be on the general or statesman who did not meet it by calling on the four millions of approved salamanders, who are bound, not in the great river Euphrates, but in the dry places where the enemy of God and man has taken post!

"One word in another direction. Is Manchester such a dullard as not to see the way out of its cotton difficulties, and put its shoulder to the wheel to help so far as ab'e?"

He thus meets the fear of a servile war as a consequence of invoking these allies:

"Why should a servile war be allowed to break out? Who wants a servile war to break out, but those who are for passing by the opportunity of putting down the danger of it for ever and for ever, and are for nursing the certainty of its occurrence a few years hence? Why should either alarm or vengeance be allowed to play their freaks, when there was an overpowering force of honest men to keep all to their good behavior? * * *

"It is true that where a generation of men have seen their women habitually sold to the brothel to the best bidder, it would not be contrary to what is known of human nature that there should be danger of revenge. But a picquet of the 1st New Englanders, with the provost-marshal on horseback, would be a hint that would be taken. It is simply unmilitary babble that would talk of the difficulty of doing what is wanted, when once the military superiority is decided. Enormities like those threatened are asserted to have occurred where there was no third party to interfere, (though it is not so certain that anybody believes it.) But the bumps of civil and military talent must be absent in Northern brains, if anything of the kind was allowed to happen now. Ask no man to rise, till you have military possession of his *arrondissement*; then regiment him."

This is precisely the plan upon which General Fremont has begun in Missouri. He emancipates the slaves of all rebels within the district of which he has the military occupation. Gen. Thompson gives an illustration of his meaning in the following pertinent supposition

"Suppose the British West India Islands had broken into rebellion on the first apprehension of a design to put an end to slavery; and this not passively but actively, by privateering against the commerce of the rest of the country, and storming the forts occupied by the troops of the legitimate sovereign. * * *

"Suppose the English general in charge of putting down the rebellion to issue in General Orders, 'Slavery is non-existent in all parts occupied by the British forces. In the parts not yet occupied, the slaves are invited to make no movement before the liberating force arrives in their own parish. Any attempt at major violences, on the part of white or colored, will be put down by military execution as soon as it can be reached. As fast as any district is occupied, volunteers from the colored people will be invited to join the three West India regiments and the Land Transport Corps, on terms which will be notified. Planters willing to continue their works by giving present support to the laborers on them, will receive immunity for the past on entering the British camp, and military protection for the future. Vagrants found committing depredations will be sent to a punishment gang.'

"Suppose an English Commander-in-Chief to have the genius to issue such an order—as why should he not?—and what becomes of the pretended terrorists at home who affect to be alarmed for the condition of every white female in the Antilles? The whole is plainly a fraud, a delusion—it may be of weakness of head, or it may be of obliquity of heart. The world is not destined to be finally ruled by either."

Is not here a key to the solution of the question that so agitates this nation?

The General, from a military point of view, counsels this improvement of the Bull Run disaster:

"It is in the course of nature that such a misfortune should be only a whet in the way of appetite to try again. But do not try again, till you have got a cause. And when you try, remember the ancient maxim, that flights begin in the rear. The Romans, senior sophs in their day, ever put their veterans in third line. Do not go probing for 'masked batteries' to run your heads against, *but make a movement toward the four millions of allies you have behind.* Utter the one word which would make the walls 'fall down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him.' Or if the people will not shout when the priests blow, then give the world a grand specimen of self-denial and submit with a grace to the martyrdoms a victorious slave-power may in its tenderness impose."

Among the 4,000,000 slaves there are at least 400,000 capable of doing good service in the war for the Union. Why should not each general as he enters a new district in force, gather as many of these recruits as are within reach of his proclamation? Why not adopt this wise, humane, safe, just, and victorious policy? General Thompson shows that such a course *now*, would be a mercy to the rebels in saving them from a future servile war. We italicize a few pregnant words:

"Nobody denies the evils of war; but war begun against us, is not to be put down by behaving silliiy. When it has been worth while to raise five hundred thousand men and five hundred millions of dollars to put down a rebellion, *it is worth while to make such a use of them as shall prevent the like rebellions for ever, by cutting off their source.* And that not by acts of severity against the defeated rebels, but by doing the only thing which can prevent their being at no long time hence the sufferers from their own iniquity, which the good men and true have *now the power to hinder if they like.* What excuse shall the true men make, if they COCKER UP THE EVIL BY REFUSING TO APPLY THE HIGH-HANDED REMEDY, which God and the Adjutant-General's muster-roll have placed at their command?"

SECESSION LOGIC.

Another appeal in the interest of the rebellion has been made to the people of the United States, and especially to the Roman Catholics of Irish birth or blood. It comes in the form of a letter from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, subscribing himself "† P. N. Lynch, D.D., S. C.," to the well-known Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York. It professes to have been written in the most unpremeditated and accidental way. "Most reverend dear sir," says the Bishop of Charleston, in closing his letter to the Archbishop of New York, "I am surprised and somewhat ashamed of the length to which my pen has run. But the night is hot—too hot for sleep. I arose from my couch, and have spent a couple of hours speaking to you as frankly and unreservedly as you have ever kindly allowed me to do." But notwithstanding the professedly unpremeditated and seemingly private and confidential character of the letter, our sagacious fellow-citizen, the Archbishop, seems to have divined the actual intention of his correspondent; and accordingly, without waiting for the ceremony of asking leave, (which in the present state of postal and telegraphic communication between New York and Charleston would be inconveniently dilatory,) he laid the entire letter before the public, in his own official newspaper *The Metropolitan Record*. At the same time he was thoughtful enough to neutralize the force of the appeal by appending to it his own reply, which, except as it repeats the ordinary misrepresentation of the Republican party and of the Northern states, as if they had proposed or intended some interference with slavery in the slaveholding states,—is candid and conclusive. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York does not intend that the Roman Catholic Irish in the loyal states shall be duped and ruined by being led into sympathy with the treason that is in arms against the Union. We thank him for the promptness and thoroughness with which he has refuted the attempt of "the Southern papers," referred to by his correspondent, to represent him as having "spoken strongly against the war policy of the Government of the United States."

We find in Bishop Lynch's letter a specimen of logic which is worth preserving. Everybody knows how necessary it is for sympathizers with the rebellion to make themselves believe that the Northern states are making an aggressive war against the Southern. Facts, however,—notorious and undeniable facts,—are very much in the way of such a belief. Not only is secession itself a declaration of war against the United States—as much so as a proclaimed secession of Ireland, or Scotland, or Cornwall, from the United Kingdom, would be a declaration of war against the Queen of Great Britain;—not only is it palpable that the conspirators and leaders of secession understood that secession was war, and made all their plans and preparations accordingly;—not only did they begin by stealing, or violently seizing everything that they could of national property;—but when they had long besieged Fort Sumpter without receiving a single shot, and when they knew that the beleaguered garrison would be compelled in a few hours more to evacuate the Fort for want of food, they made haste to inaugurate active hostilities by firing upon the few hungry men who were there to defend the flag of the United States. In the face of such facts it is hard to believe that the war is nothing else than a war of aggression on the part of the Northern states against the Southern. But the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch has a very simple way of getting round this difficulty. He says:

"This war is generally dated from the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. There we fired the first gun, and the responsibility is charged on us. But, in reality, that responsibility falls, should fall, on those who rendered the conflict unavoidable The South, years ago, and a hundred times, declared that the triumph of the abolition or anti-slavery policy would break up the Union. They were in earnest."

Much more of the same sort does the right reverend letter-writer proceed to say, showing that "the South" (as he denominates the conspiracy that assumed to represent and lead the Southern states) was all along in earnest while threatening to dissolve the Union at whatever moment they should cease to govern it; showing that notwithstanding all those threats the people of the free states were so foolhardy as to exercise their constitutional right of suffrage according to their own discretion; showing that thereupon South Carolina, having so long threatened to secede in that contingency, did secede and was followed by other states; and showing that even when the seceding states had undertaken to form a new and rival confederacy, the Federal Government and the people of the free states obstinately refused to become accomplices in the overthrow of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Union.

From all this, what is the inference? How do the premises and the intended conclusion hang together? "The South," as the leaders of this great rebellion call themselves, threatened long ago to make war upon the Union, if at any time the Federal Government should cease to be administered in the interests of slavery; *therefore*, quoth the Bishop of Charleston, "the South" did not really begin the war, but "the responsibility falls, should fall, on those" who, by using their constitutional right of suffrage according to their own judgment, gave evidence to "the South" that the Federal Government is likely to be administered hereafter on the principle that slavery is not a national institution. What is the intellectual and moral condition of the man who can gravely attempt to make such an inference?

Patrick is charged with shooting at Terence with intent to kill. There are twenty witnesses who saw Patrick go up to Terence's window with a loaded gun; they saw him take deliberate aim; they saw him fire; they saw where the bullet passed through the crown of Terence's hat, grazing his scalp and lodging in the wall behind him. Besides this they testify that Patrick had long cherished a bitter grudge against Terence, and that he had long been making preparations for a fight and training himself by shooting at a mark. "Och!" says Patrick, in reply to the undeniable facts, "sure I did not shoot him at all. The responsibility falls, should fall, on him entirely. Didn't I tell him, long ago, that I would shoot him if he was so impudent as to turn my pig out of his potato-patch? Didn't he know that I stole his gun for that very purpose? Didn't he see me practicing at a mark with it; and didn't I swear to him that I would shoot him in the same way if he hadn't the sense to give up his obstinacy and allow my pig—the neat little beast that it is—the liberty of rooting among his potatoes? Your honor sees, plain enough, that there's nobody to blame but Terence. He brought the thing upon himself. I never shot him, for I told him I would, beforehand. He only shot himself with his own gun."

This is not Irish logic, nor Roman Catholic logic. No Irishman, no Roman Catholic reasons in this way, unless he is also a Secessionist. This is not Bishop Lynch's peculiar argument. Dr. Thornwell reasons in the same way, and so does Jefferson Davis, and every other Secessionist who undertakes to show that this war was begun by the North against the South, and not by "the South"—*i. e.*, the rebels—against the Union.

GETTING USED TO THE WORK.

War is, thank God! a new and strange work to Americans. The whole tendency of our democratic civilization has been to a pacific settlement of all questions; by ballots instead of bullets; by thought and argument rather than by an appeal to bayonets. The powerful influence of Christianity, also, pervading to a greater extent than in most other countries both the popular and the educated mind of the nation, has taught us to regard offensive war as not only a calamity, but the gravest of crimes; while the liability of our being called upon to wage a war in our own defense has seemed heretofore one of those remote and intangible risks which it is hardly worth while seriously to consider. Until within the last few months, therefore, the whole active force of the nation has been occupied—almost without exception or interval—in pursuits and enterprises purely pacific; in subduing the wilderness and settling the prairie, in mining or manufacturing, in commerce or the professions.

The result has been an advance in all material prosperity unequaled for its rapidity and splendor in the history of the world; an immense accumulation, within a few generations, of all that enriches and embellishes life, of all that makes a country attractive. But the result has been, also, a settled and deep aversion to war; a willingness to yield almost anything to avoid it; a state of entire unpreparedness for it, and even of ignorance as to the best mode of prosecuting it to a speedy success. With all our resources, with all our political fervor and freedom, in spite of our characteristic popular hardihood and enterprise, in spite of the martial blood that has flowed to us through Saxon, Norman, and Celtic veins, we have been heretofore the most unmilitary of nations; covering the continent, and challenging a general supremacy on the seas, and yet almost as unused to war as if we had been a feeble tribe, dwelling apart, walled in by mountains, without means or neighbors, an ambition or a history.

As a matter of course, then, when the present War came, it found the nation, like Athelstane the Unready, prodigious in strength, courageous in spirit, but altogether unused to the camp and the battle-field, and inexperienced in the arts by which victory is secured. It was felt at first that there must be a necessary end of all prosperity if the war should continue. It was publicly proclaimed that we must at last yield to offers of Compromise, and might as well begin where we so certainly should end. We had volunteer troops enough, but almost no veterans, and few who could be trusted to lead our troops against an enemy. For a week the very capital itself was in imminent peril; and the nation was in danger of being staggered by blows, well-planted and heavy, before it could get itself ready to meet its better prepared and more agile antagonist.

But now how marvelously all this is changed! How short a time has sufficed to work in all these respects an astonishing transformation! The business of the country is rallying again, its industries are not suspended or threatened, its immediate prosperity promises to be as real, and almost as great, as it ever has been in the sunniest days of its peaceful abundance. Our troops are well disciplined, our generals are found adequate to the administration of their great trusts. In some particulars no armies ever gathered on the face of the earth—even so sceptical and so prejudiced a critic as Mr. Russell has shown himself being our witness—have been superior to those which we have so hastily and unexpectedly assembled. Wherever these are still defective, the deficiencies are being rapidly and effectively removed. And all the signs of the Future are, that the nation so long unused to war, to which that had become almost as one of the Lost Arts, and which has been called so suddenly to front a most desperate, fierce, and wide-spread rebellion, will develop a martial prowess and power as rare and superior as its pacific enterprise has been; that it will learn to marshal armies and crush rebellions, as it has learned to build steam-ships and railroads heretofore, in a way to inspire and equally to outrun the emulation of the world.

We are getting used to the work; and that with Americans has been always, and will continue to be, the immediate and sure forerunner of success.

THE SABBATH HONORED.

Not Christians alone, but all philanthropists will welcome the following General Order from the Commander of the Army of the Potomac:

Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, Washington, Sept. 6, 1861.

The Major-General commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspection, and that officers and men shall alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest in seven is necessary to men and animals. More than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty.

George B. McClellan, Major-General Commanding.

This proclamation, so admirable in tone and in expression, is believed to reflect the personal feelings and character of its author. With him the keeping of the Sabbath is "no idle form." Surely the hearts of all true Christians will be constant in prayer that such a leader may be preserved, upheld, and guided to victory.

WAR IN EARNEST.

On the 25th day of April last, just ten days after the proclamation of the President calling for seventy-five thousand men for the defense of the Capital, *The Independent* expressed its view of the war in the following words:

"It is our full conviction that before this rampant rebellion can be subdued, an army of *five hundred thousand men must girdle the South*, and close in upon the traitors, annihilating their military organization, dispersing their fictitious government, and planting the flag of the Union over their capital at Montgomery. There can be no halting for proposals of adjustment. We have to do with men 'who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind,' men against whom 'the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together is no protection.' The rebellion as a concrete power, with political and military organization, *must be annihilated*, or the spirit of rebellion will not be crushed, and there can be no peace or compact that will abide."

In the same article we proposed to divide this army of half-a-million between the East and the West, and to march its two divisions simultaneously upon central points in the South, while the coast should be not only blockaded but invaded, and its cities summoned to surrender all United States property, under threat of bombardment:

"While the army of defense holds Washington and awes Baltimore, let two grand armies, each 150,000 men, march simultaneously, the one through Virginia, the other along the Mississippi base, the fleets meanwhile threatening Charleston and New Orleans, until the treason is shut up in its nest and trampled out."

These suggestions were regarded as wild, even by many of our best friends. We were accused of "exasperating the South," of exaggerating the public danger, of overdoing the work of national defense, and provoking a war of "subjugation" against "our Southern brethren." The army of 75,000 called out by the President, was thought by many to be enough of itself to awe the South into submission. It was argued that our object should be simply the restoration of the stolen property of the United States, and the protection of Union men in the South; that we should do nothing that could be construed as an invasion of Southern soil, but should rely upon the blockade and the demonstration of union at the North to frustrate the designs of the rebels. But the men who argued thus, failed to comprehend the connection between slavery and the rebellion in the mind of the South, and the necessity felt by the slave oligarchy, defeated at the polls, for division or usurpation by the sword, in order to preserve the institution of slavery against the moral force represented in Mr. Lincoln's election. *The Independent* made no claim to military science or to prophetic insight; but it did claim to have studied the system of slavery, and the spirit and intentions of the dominant class in the South; and therefore, while so many counseled a purely defensive policy, seeking to conciliate or at least to weary out the South, rather than to conquer her in arms, this journal, on the tenth day of the war, said:

"The rebels are *terribly in earnest*. Treachery and inaction on the part of Government officials have furnished them with the munitions of war. They have one common interest—*the preservation of their slave system*; they have one common dread—the uprising of their slave population. They are committed before the world, and cannot retreat. They are led by ambitious and desperate men—men who must succeed or perish. It is not enough to hold them in check by a demonstration of force, *we must put them down by a vigorous application of force.* Till this is done there can be no talk or hope of peace. It was well enough for the President to proclaim at the first a policy of defense. But he cannot adhere to that policy. * * This war cannot be bounded by the Potomac and the Ohio, or by Mason and Dixon's line. It is a war for constitutional order and freedom, for the lawful, peaceable, just sovereignty of the nation against faction and sedition, seeking to overthrow the very foundations of liberty and justice. In one word, it is a struggle between popular National Sovereignty and a Slaveholding Oligarchy. This war must sweep over every line until the Nation is made one in freedom and justice for evermore."

How stand to-day these words uttered five months ago? In July, the President and Congress rose to the idea that half-a million of men were needed to put down the rebellion; that the property of rebels must be confiscated, and the most energetic measures be taken by land and sea, to subdue a conspiracy grown to such gigantic proportions. And in the month of September, the New York Chamber of Commerce—a body never moved by passion or popular impulse, but as judicious as it is patriotic—passes these resolves:

Whereas, The progress of the war in defense of the Union and Constitution has given evidence of a degree of strength and energy on the part of those who are making wishing to destroy them, which can only be subdued by the marshaling of *an overwhelming force*; and *whereas*, it is evident that to this end *all the resources*, both in men and means, in the loyal states will be needed if we would avoid a protracted struggle and secure the blessings of an early, honorable, and enduring peace; and *whereas*, humanity and interest alike demand the speedy attainment of this end;—therefore,

Resolved, That this Chamber, in view of the unexpected magnitude of the contest, deems it a duty to renew its pledge to the Government of earnest sympathy and support.

Resolved, That the decisive course recently adopted by the Government and its commanding officers affords gratifying proof that the future of this contest is not to be contested by the *Quixotic idea of prosecuting war in the spirit of peace*, but that the guilty conspirators will be made to feel, both in their persons and their property, *all the rigors that the usages of civilized warfare will justify.*

Thus have the Executive, the Legislative, and the Financial representatives of the country been brought, by the necessities of the case, to take the very view of the rebellion which five months ago was thought extravagant, and to adopt just that line of action which was then deemed too aggressive and violent. Five months have educated the public mind to that understanding of the national crisis, which long observation of the spirit and intentions of the slave-power gave us at the very outbreak of the rebellion.

At last the nation begins to be in earnest. But are our leaders yet *enough* in earnest to meet this great emergency? There must be no shrinking now from those war measures that the peril of the hour has forced upon us. The great sea-board cities of the South should be invested by land and sea, and summoned to their loyalty. If they refuse submission, let them be bombarded, and a call issued to all loyal men within or around them, white or black, to aid in the work of retribution, under promise of protection and reward. While Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans are threatened with the last dread resort of war, let freedom be proclaimed to the slaves of all rebels in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, that under the flag of the Union they may co-operate with all loyal citizens, as God shall give them opportunity, in crushing the rebellion of the interior while the Government makes itself master of the coast. And as the rebels hurry from Manassas and Memphis to meet this terror in their rear, let the armies of the East and the West close in upon them, and annihilate their forces by one well-delivered blow. We have had enough of "prosecuting war in the spirit of peace."

A LIVING FAITH.

The key to Paul's ministry, upon the human side, is given in these few words, We believe, and therefore speak. His earnestness, boldness, self-denial, his patience, perseverance, enterprise, his fervor in preaching the Gospel, are at once accounted for by the fact that he believed it;—believed it as the revelation of God in Christ to save men from their sins; believed it as attested by miracles, by its internal evidences, and by its own moral effects; believed it as commending itself to his conscience; believed it as in harmony with the highest, best judgments of his intellectual nature, and as adapted to the deepest and most urgent wants of his spiritual being; believed it as a system of truth accordant with the character of God, and worthy of his infinite wisdom and love; believed its facts, though lying so much without the sphere of common earthly experience; believed that truths so momentous were worthy to be accompanied by supernatural signs; believed its doctrines, though transcending or contradicting all the wisdom of men—for what *man* knoweth the things of God? believed its promises reaching forth into the invisible and the infinite, whither Christ hath entered for us within the vail.

When the genuineness of Paul's apostleship was mooted by false teachers in the church at Corinth, he threw himself upon the testimony of his ministry. Why should he everywhere encounter the hostility of the Jew, the contempt of the world? Why face mobs and governors and kings?—why endure scourging and stoning and imprisonment for the testimony of Jesus? He seeks neither to found a sect, nor to propagate a system of his own. He is even grieved that certain weak and contentious disciples have said "I am of Paul." He wants no party, no followers. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord. We *believe*, and therefore speak;—believe in the dying of the Lord Jesus for our sins; believe in the resurrection of Jesus for our justification; believe in things not seen and eternal." This "spirit of faith," as the apostle styles it, moved and sustained him; this gave him courage and victory. This is the faith that every missionary needs; that every minister needs; that every Christian needs;—a faith that clothes Christ's words with reality, and makes them as it were a tangible basis of action. With such a faith in Christ and his truth manifested by all professors, how many would be won by it to believe the Gospel; how soon would the Gospel be a living, conquering power in all the earth!

HOW TO TEACH.

Teaching has advanced from an art to a science. Its success, indeed, in individual cases may be mainly due to that tact or skill which belongs to art; but it is more and more regulated by philosophical principles, and therefore in its highest forms teaching is scientific. And with the majority of teachers success depends upon its scientific method. One teacher in a hundred possesses the tact or "faculty" of communicating and impressing knowledge by personal influence. But many take up the profession of teaching, not from a special fondness or fitness for it, but for the sake of a livelihood; and unless such have wise principles of instruction, their method will become a dry mechanical routine. Hence the first requisite for the proper education of children is that teachers be trained to the right idea and use of their vocation.

One of the most important advances in education is in the way of associating knowledge as much as possible with its objects; that is, proceeding from concrete to abstract instead of from abstract to concrete. Once a scholar's merit or "smartness" was measured by his success in committing words to memory. And we have even known instances where a teacher of Latin has attached more importance to the *number* of a rule in the grammar than to the application of the rule in rendering a sentence. But the more we can invest any subject of study with a living reality, apart from mere verbal forms, the more shall we interest the scholar in the pursuit of it. The foundations of knowledge especially, in the earliest years, should be well and strongly laid in tangible *facts* as the basis of inquiry and of reasoning. The plan of teaching by observation rather than by memory, so successfully pursued in some European systems of infant education, has been tried of late with encouraging results in the primary schools of Oswego and Chicago. Mr. N. A. Calkins of this city, who is well-known in educational circles, has entered with enthusiasm into the development of this system as the ground-plan of education in our public schools. His treatise upon "Primary Object Lessons," (published by the Harpers,) is designed to be at once a philosophical exposition of this method of teaching, and a manual for parents and teachers in its application. By this method the child is to be taught to develop ideas from the observation of things, and to associate names, words, definitions, with tangible objects. Ideas of form, of color, of figure, of place, etc., are to be shaped in the mind of the child by the repeated observation and comparison of objects with reference to these qualities. When these ideas are fixed, they are applied in various ways to other objects, and are framed into sentences. The system closely copies nature, and has the merit of always attracting the child by new objects of interest. It can also be practiced by the parent as well as by the teacher, and in the way of entertainment at home the child may acquire a wide range of useful and accurate knowledge, before he attempts the mysteries of spelling and parsing. Of course the method may be pushed to an extreme. But we advise parents and teachers to give it a judicious trial. There is no study more important than—How to teach.

Fitz Henry Warren, late Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, has been chosen Colonel of the first Iowa Cavalry Regiment, which is soon to join Gen. Fremont's division.

MR. RUSSELL EXPOSED.

It is unfortunate for the correspondent of *The London Times* that he staked his personal reputation upon his description of the retreat of the Federal army from Bull Run. As if in anticipation of contradiction from other eye-witnesses, he pledges his "character" upon the accuracy of his statements. Notwithstanding the confidence of this appeal, Mr. Russell's statements in many particulars are not only impeached, but peremptorily denied, by two gentlemen of high intelligence and of a public reputation for candor and veracity, who were with or near him during a great part of the scenes which he professes to describe;—we refer to Dr. Ray of *The Chicago Tribune*, and Mr. George P. Putnam of this city. Both these gentlemen were present at the various points named by Mr. Russell in his letter, at or about the same time with himself, and were repeatedly at his side and in conversation with him at such times as he represents himself to have said, seen, heard, or done, things which they neither saw nor heard.

Mr. Russell stands convicted before the American public of the grossest inaccuracy of statement upon matters professedly within his own observation. He can never recover from the damaging effect of this exposure. If it shall be republished in England, his "character" as an eye-witness can hardly shield him from the suspicion that his popular and thrilling letters from the Crimea and India were exaggerated for effect.

We would not charge Mr. Russell with an intentional disregard of truth. But he is only a newsmonger of a higher class, who having acquired a reputation for sensation-letters, and having been accustomed to write beyond the limits of criticism—as in the Eastern campaigns—is under a strong temptation to write for effect. Moreover, his employers of *The Times* have an interest to serve in our present contest, and Mr. Russell is biased by this. Beside, there is abundant evidence, that while by his own confession he did not witness the battle at Bull Run, he was one of the most precipitate in the flight. Unless he shall guard his pen hereafter, his statements will become like those of the New York correspondent of *The Boston Journal*;—the more plausible they seem, the less likely to be true, and when confidently asserted, almost certain to prove false.

OUR SUBJECTS OF THOUGHT.

True Christians are loyal citizens of "the kingdom of heaven," of which Christ is the head; and hence it is one of the marks by which they may be recognized, that they are habitually conversant with the things of that kingdom. The faithful and intelligent subjects of a civil government naturally interest themselves in their public affairs, in the character, principles, and measures of their sovereign, their history and laws, the advancement and honor of the nation, and generally in those things that involve or concern their obligations and prospects as a commonwealth. It would be virtual disloyalty, a kind of negative treason, on their part, to be ignorant or unmindful of their public documents, policy, and relations. Now there are things that belong especially to the divine kingdom, through its successive stages in this world, and at its consummation in the next; to its history and laws, its progress and prospects, and particularly to the character and purposes of the sovereign, his virtues, endowments, and plans, and his authorized communications; things which, if indeed we belong to that kingdom, we cannot but think of with interest and study attentively, esteeming them more momentous than all things besides. They will be much in our thoughts, tempering our feelings, directing our conversation, and stimulating our hopes. It may be expected that we shall not lose sight of them amidst the most exciting earthly affairs, even amidst the agitations and perils of our time and country; and that if occasionally disturbed or distracted by extraordinary events about us, we shall readily recur to these higher enduring themes. And what is this but saying that we shall be habitually conversant with the only authorized documents of the kingdom of Christ, the communications from its Monarch, the record of its history, and the charter of its destiny, which we acknowledge to be found in the Bible? Secular affairs will not divert our attention from these things. The literature of the day, the news of the day, will not occupy us to the exclusion or disparagement of this book. The kingdoms of this world will not make us forget that kingdom which is not of this world. In the wars among the nations, even in the strife that now convulses our own land, we shall not lose sight of the strife ever going on between our Lord and our adversary, and of our Lord's sure coming and victory. Nor shall we care so much even for our capital as not to care more for "the new Jerusalem." How far can this be affirmed of all "who profess and call themselves Christians?" Oh that the host arrayed under Christ's banner were more loyal to their Prince!

NEW YORK GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

The attractive town of Binghamton proffers its hospitality to the General Association of the state for its approaching meeting. The occurrence of the National Fast in the last week of September makes it necessary to postpone this meeting until the second week in October, thus avoiding also the meeting of the American Board at Cleveland. The session will open on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, at 10 o'clock A M, and will continue through the following day. Possibly a conference of the churches, for strictly religious purposes, or other arrangements for devotional meetings, may induce delegates to remain over Thursday. At all events, the church at Binghamton and its pastor, with the permanent officers of the Association, will plan to make the meeting one of interest and profit to the body. It is hoped that the attendance will be large, so that in this time of public calamity and trial there may be a fraternal interchange of views and sympathies touching the state of religion, the state of the country, and the duties and privileges of the churches.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HERALD.

We are sorry to see that this journal is partially suspended—being reduced to a fortnightly issue—and is in danger of extinction. Notwithstanding the recent unworthy and unchristian attempt of *The Herald* to injure the circulation of *The Independent* in Illinois, by publishing a slanderous charge of heresy against the editors of this journal because of certain ill-considered statements of Mr. Beecher in his reported sermons, it is our earnest wish that our collaborators in the cause of Congregationalism and Freedom, at Chicago, may not fall before the storm of financial disaster that is sweeping over the West. Indeed, we charitably imputed its attack upon *The Independent* to the desperate state of its finances. With an occasional streak of narrow-mindedness and illnature that looks like an exceptional idiosyncracy, *The Herald* is in the main a vigorous and generous advocate of those great principles and movements in church, state, and society with which *The Independent* has so long been identified. While aiming at a national constituency, we have no desire that this journal should absorb or interfere with the circulation of the local Congregational newspapers in any state. On the contrary, we would gladly further their prosperity, for the sake of that Puritan and primitive faith and order which together we strive to uphold. There ought to be in the Congregational churches of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa enough of wealth and of public spirit to rescue *The Congregational Herald* from the ruin that threatens it.

N. E Female Medical College.—We understand that the Wade Scholarship Fund of $20,000, having within the past year become available, affords free tuition to a large number of students, without limit as to their place of residence. We mention this, as it may be a matter of interest to some of our lady readers, in view of the approaching annual term, as also the fact that those wishing the benefit of the scholarships can address the Secretary, Dr. Gregory, Boston.

The New York Medical College has just announced its customary annual course of Lectures. We are informed that arrangements have been made for a more thorough course of instruction in medical science than in any *former* year in this institution. A Hospital and Dispensary have been organized in the College. The lectures on Military Surgery will be given by Professors Carnochan and Raphael, beginning on Monday next.

Triennial Northwestern Convention.—In another column will be found the call for the Congregational Convention of the Northwest, which exercises a constitutional supervision over the Chicago Theological Seminary. The meeting is to be held in the chapel of the Seminary on the 8th of October

Tracts for Soldiers.—A returned soldier, hearing Dr. Marsh lecture on the circulation of his temperance tracts in the army, said: "I know all about those tracts. They were circulated in our regiment, and they put a great many new ideas into our heads, and did very much to break up drinking among us. They ought to be circulated in every company."

Serial History of the Rebellion.—We have repeatedly commended *The Rebellion Record*, a weekly diary of passing events, published by Mr. G. P. Putnam, and edited by Frank Moore, Esq., author of "Diary of the Revolution." We have now another serial, entitled *The Southern Rebellion and the War for the Union*, published weekly by James D. Torrey, No. 13 Spruce street, 8vo. double columns, pp. 32. It is more condensed than the other, and at half the price. It is very well written and carefully elaborated by one who thoroughly understands the subject.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

Gen. McClellan's First Speech to his Army.

On Tuesday, Gen. McClellan made his first speech to his soldiers. It was in these words:

"SOLDIERS:—We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and henceforth victory will crown our efforts."

That is the speech of a man who means what he says, and who by a few words foreshadows many deeds.

General Robert Anderson.

Gen. Anderson arrived at Louisville on the 6th inst., *en route* for Frankfort, Kentucky. When he arrived at the former place he was in plain citizen's dress and not being recognised by the Deputy Marshal, he had to submit to have his baggage thoroughly searched.

From Missouri.

ROLLA, Mo., Sept. 9th.

Eight prisoners were sent to St. Louis this morning. They were captured in a skirmish between the Home Guards and the rebels at Douglas Prairie, in Gasconade county. Two of the rebels were killed, and in another skirmish the same day, ten more of the rebels were killed and thirty-two horses captured at another place near Cuba. Two scouts were taken with Provost-Marshal McKinstry's passes in their pockets.

Personal Reconciliation.

It is announced that Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania and Secretary Cameron, who, since the commencement of the war, have been bitter enemies, have, through the intervention of Hon. Mr. Covode, become reconciled.

Security to Philadelphia.

A deputation of Philadelphia bankers, merchants, and brokers, headed by the editor of *The North American* and Henry C. Carey, this morning called upon the Secretary of War and President, and asked for military security to Philadelphia by fortifying the Delaware at proper points, and arming a Home Guard of the Quaker City.

A Treacherous Lawyer.

The Secretary of State had addressed the following letter to Daniel Lord, Esq., of New York:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 10th.

SIR: I have received your letter of yesterday relating to Algernon S. Sullivan, a political prisoner now in custody at Fort Lafayette. This department is possessed of treasonable correspondence of that person which no rights or privileges of a lawyer or counsel can justify or excuse. The public safety will not admit of his being discharged.

In view of the many representations made to me in this case, I pray your excuse for giving this letter to the public.

With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
WM. H. SEWARD.

Important from Hatteras Inlet.

SEVEN REBEL REGIMENTS RECALLED FROM VIRGINIA FOR THE DEFENSE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9, 1861.

Commander Rowan has written a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated United States steamer Pawnee, Hatteras Inlet, Sept. 5th, of which the following is an extract: "In a communication addressed to the Commander-in-Chief at Hampton Roads, I informed him that I forwarded seven of the fugitives in the Peabody, to be landed at Hampton Roads, supplying them with provisions to last them the e. Another of the fugitives of this party I have retained to act as pilot in these waters, should his services be required. From the best information I can obtain, ten regiments have been recalled from Virginia to defend the state. The secessionists residing near the water are deserting their residences, and seeking shelter in the interior. The poorer classes remain, waiting for protection to avow their Union sentiments. A town meeting was called in Washington on the night of the 4th inst., when it was decided to fortify a point in the river, ten miles below the town."

A Naval Expedition to Sail from New York.

It is announced that a naval expedition will sail from New York within the coming two weeks, which will no doubt have a most important bearing upon the progress of the present war. It will comprise a large fleet of gunboats and transports and a force of probably 20,000 men, including some which will be taken from Fortress Monroe. The destination is, of course, a secret, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, but we can assure our readers that if successful, of which there is but little doubt, it will be the most terrible and effective blow yet dealt at the rebels.

OFFICIAL.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES

PASSED AT THE FIRST SESSION OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

[PUBLIC—No. 62.]

AN ACT authorizing the Secretary of War to pay the volunteers, who, under the command of Charles W. White, and by Order of Brigadier-General T. A. Morris, enlisted to protect the railroad bridges and other property, in the vicinity of Oakland, Alleghany county, Maryland.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to pay, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated the commissioned officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, who served as a Home Guard for the protection of the railroad bridges and other property near Oakland, Alleghany county, Maryland, under command of Captain Chas. W. White, and were called into service by order of Brigadier-General T. A. Morris, and to make to them just and reasonable compensation for the failure of the officer of the Government of the United States to furnish to them rations, clothing, and other supplies during their service; *Provided*, the amount to be paid shall not exceed the amount to which, for similar service, and like rations, clothing, and supplies, volunteers, regularly mustered into service under the President's proclamation of May third, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, would be equitably entitled.

Approved, August 6, 1861.

NOTICES.

Triennial Congregational Convention.

TO THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS AND CHURCHES IN OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, MISSOURI, MINNESOTA, KANSAS, AND NEBRASKA.

BRETHREN: The Constitution of the CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY provides that in the year 1858, and every third year thereafter, it shall be the duty of the Board of Directors to call a Convention, consisting of one delegate from each of the churches in the above-named states and territories, and the Congregational ministers who are employed in preaching to the churches above designated, or who are members of the same.

In accordance with this provision, you are hereby invited to meet in Convention, at the Chapel of the Seminary, in Chicago, Illinois, on Tuesday, October 8, 1861, at 10 o'clock A.M.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. S. F. SAVAGE, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 28, 1861

Moral Aspects of the War—The Central Army Committee of the Evangelical Alliance will hold a meeting on the above subject, on Sunday evening next, in the Plymouth Church, (Mr. Beecher's,) and another on the following Tuesday evening in the Church of the Puritans, (Dr. Cheever's.) Full announcements in Saturday's papers.

DIED.

DULLES—In Philadelphia, Sept. 1st, Mrs. Dulles wife of Rev. John W. Dulles, aged 33. She was the daughter of Myron Winslow, D.D., the veteran missionary at Madras. Her loss will be deeply felt by her bereaved husband and family, who have our warm sympathy in their sorrow.

COMSTOCK—At Hillsboro, Ill., on Sunday, August 18th, Deacon C. R. Comstock of Hartford, Ct., aged 71 years.

STERLING—At Brooklyn, on Tuesday, Sept. 10th, Sherman H. Sterling, Esq., in the 57th year of his age, worn out by sheer pain, from a secret internal disease. A patient sufferer for three years, as he had been for many years an exemplary Christian.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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Every Mountain, every Ridge, every Wagon and Stage Road, every Canal, every Natural Curiosity, every Creek and River, and the names of them; every Country Seat, every Town, every Village, and every Post Town, every Mountain Pass and every Ford

is marked down, and the altitude of the Mountains, every Light-House on the Potomac, and every Inlet and Island are shown, and the Bars and Shoals, every Fort, Battery, and Stronghold is marked down.

Every Railroad and every Station on the Railroads, and the distances from Station to Station, are laid down from official authority.

This Map is engraved on Steel, and is the only real valuable Map ever made in America.

ITS HISTORY.

The State of Virginia commenced this Map in 1780, and completed it in 1828. It was afterwards corrected up to 1859 and taken to the Government Engraver at Washington City to be engraved. It was just finished when the State of Virginia seceded from the Union. The Governor of that State sent to Washington and seized the plates and took them to Virginia, when only five hundred copies had been struck off by the engraver. These Maps are now in my possession, excepting one which GEN. SCOTT uses constantly, and another which *The Tribune* editors have.

Any one ordering this Map and not satisfied with it, can have their money refunded.

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PURE WINES.

BORDEAUX, July 1, 1861.

We have the honor to inform the public that we have established a depot of our Wines in the city of New York, and have appointed our friend Mr. J. MARC MARTIN our Agent for the United States and Canada.

All our Wines are strictly pure, and can be used with safety for Medicinal and Sacramental purposes.

PAUL DE CONINCK, MONOD & GUIRAUD.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1861.

Referring to the above, I beg leave to state that I have opened my office at **No. 203 Pearl street, near Maiden Lane**, where I shall constantly keep a full assortment of the Wines of the above-named house. Orders are respectfully solicited, and will be filled promptly and faithfully.

J. MARC MARTIN.

We take pleasure to recommend with entire confidence Mr. J. MARC MARTIN, Agent of the firm PAUL DE CONINCK, MONOD & GUIRAUD of Bordeaux. We can assure our friends that they may rely without reserve upon the scrupulous honesty of all transactions made with that firm through Mr. Martin.

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Cement for sale by the Barrel, and sent to any part of the country, with printed instructions for use, and is sold to Agents, Builders, and Dealers at a price that will afford them a LARGE PROFIT, and yet furnish to the Consumer a very cheap roof compared with tin, slate, shingles, or other roofing material. Also for sale, State and County Rights, for a portion of the United States.

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  Lonely as a wandering bard:
Everywhere about the village,
  Where a human foot has trod,
Where the print of olden tillage
  Still remains upon the sod.

They have plumes of silver gleaming—
  Plumes of purple, pink, and blue,
Where the sunlight lieth dreaming,
  Pillowed on the morning dew.
Loved and long-remembered are they,
  Boyhood-friendship, early found,
School-house sentries, faithful, there they
  Stand to guard that sacred ground.

In and out of corners creeping,
  By the leaning fence at play,
Through the broken fences peeping
  Like a truant hid away.
Everywhere they come to meet us,
  Early morn and evening late,
Like familiar friends they greet us,
  Standing by the garden gate.

"Hail!" and "Vale!" ever saying,
  Holding out their generous palms,
Olden recognition praying—
  Courtesy—and not your alms.
They are with us, like a token
  Hung upon the neck of Time,
Like a promise we have broken,
  Or an ever-haunting rhyme.

Common? so are stars in heaven—
  Always precious, ever bright;
Vagrants? none to earth are given—
  Nature maketh all aright.
In her loving and embracing,
  None does she more fondly hold,
Weeds have there as royal placing
  As the forest grand and old.

Ah! the autumn wind is blowing—
  Well, I know what that portends!
"Hail!" and "Vale!" You are going—
  Let us part as olden friends.
While you're resting in His keeping
  I will humbly sing your praise,
For I know you'll guard my sleeping
  When this life has gone its ways.

TRUE PRAYERS NEVER LOST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

It is hard to believe that the fervent prayer of the righteous man is ever lost. The answer may be long delayed. It may come in a manner wholly unlooked for. The return of the prayer may be such that it may not be recognized by the devout soul who uttered it. But it is not lost.

1. For example, there are some prayers which we cannot expect to see answered immediately. I was at a monthly concert last evening, where God's people were pleading with him for the conversion of the world. None of that praying company had any expectation of living to see the day when the last heathen nation should surrender to the victorious Jesus. Yet their petitions will never be forgotten. Those pleading disciples will yet behold the glorious fulfillment of their desires from the battlements of heaven. For in our own experience we have seen many a prayer manifestly answered long after the saint who breathed it into the ear of the Savior has gone to lay his weary head on that Savior's breast.

A dying mother commits her beloved boy to a covenant-keeping God. She has often borne that child on the arms of faith to the mercy seat. He has been the child of many prayers; and in the feeble utterances of her passing spirit another and a last petition is breathed forth that Christ would have mercy on his soul. Years roll away. The sod has grown green, and the rank grass has long waved over that mother's tomb. In some distant land—mayhap hundreds of miles from that spot—a full-grown man, who has long been ripening in sin, is seen bowed in prayer. He is crying out of an agonized heart, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* Behold he prayeth, and *his* prayer is the answer of the fervent petitions which his dying mother uttered many long years before. Her requests were recorded in God's book of remembrance; and but for them we know not that the prayer of that penitent son would have ever ascended there. Let praying fathers and mothers never grow faint of heart. Let desponding churches—long unvisited by revival blessings—only close up their ranks more compactly about the mercy seat, and besiege heaven with new importunity. For above the dark cloud of their discouragement is written as in the clear, upper sky, "He that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

2. Other prayers are answered at the time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked for that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays, for instance, that he may be enabled to glorify God. Ere he is aware, some tremendous calamity comes crashing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust. His fortune is swept away. Or his schemes of promotion are blasted. A favorite child is missed from the cradle or the hearthstone. His hopes are withered like grass. God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the Psalmist says, "by terrible things." From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus, his divine comforter, and oh, how his love is kindled by the contact! How his latent faith is called forth! How he glorifies God in the furnace of trial which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness, and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness!

We once saw an earnest inquirer who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed a cloud of darkness gathered across his horizon. And against that cloud which swung like a funeral pall before his vision played the sharp lightnings of the Almighty's wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him, like the death dealing guns of our frigates against the walls of those sea-coast fortresses of Hatteras. Instead of peace came only the sword. Instead of the calm he sought came the fearful tempest; and under the stress of its terrors the poor, baffled soul betakes himself to the "covert" which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for. There the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fullness through the soul. His prayer was answered—first by terrible things, but at last by the very blessings which he desired. And without that storm the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not been led to that frightful view of his own guilt and condemnation, he might never have gone to Christ, and thus could not have known true abiding peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow through which the divine hand has wondrously led him, and sees that no other way would so surely bring him to the Cross, he feels a renewed assurance that no true prayer is ever lost; he now *knows* that he that asketh aright will always receive, and he that seeketh will surely find. His experience is worth all it cost him.

3. Once more let us remark that the petitions of believers are often answered according to their *intention*, and not according to the strict letter of the request. The utterer of the prayer sought only the glory of God, but in his ignorance asked for wrong things. God hears and answers him; but the blessing granted is something very *different* from what the believer expected. The case of Paul is a beautiful illustration of this. He is sorely afflicted by a "thorn in the flesh." What the precise nature of the affliction was, we know not. Perhaps it was a severe malady; perhaps a besetting sin; perhaps a mortifying deformity of body or of character. He beseeches God in three earnest petitions that this "thorn" might depart from him. His prayers are heard. They are answered. But instead of the removal of the thorn comes the cheering assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The Lord does not take away the trial, but gives him all that is needed to make it endurable; thus the divine glory and Paul's spiritual well-being were more certainly advanced than if the prayer had been answered strictly according to its letter.

The prayer was not lost. That God hears every sincere prayer, who can doubt? The skeptic must seal his vision, lest, coming to the light, he shall be persuaded against himself. He must mutilate or destroy the shining record of God's providential dealings with the children of faith. He must erase from the Bible the animating narrative of Jacob's midnight struggles, the thrilling scenes of Elijah's wrestlings at Carmel and at Zarephath, the "evening oblations" of Daniel, and the angelic deliverance of Peter from the prison-cell. He must destroy many a leaf from the Christian's diary, on which devout gratitude has written, "This day I learned anew that my heavenly Father hears and answers prayer." He must give the lie to Omniscient Love, which has uttered in the ear of all the needy, sorrowing, guilty household of humanity, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

EDGAR A. POE.

In point of originality Edgar A. Poe stands pre-eminent among the poets of our country. "The Raven," "The Bells," and several other masterly productions, show his unusual gifts, and give him a permanent name in the annals of American literature. But in our literary history no record is sadder than that of his life, and the end of the career of none more admonitory and melancholy.

Morally, Poe was as weak as he was intellectually brilliant. He became a votary to the wine-cup, a tavern *bel esprit*, a gay and jolly bacchanal. His influence was demoralized, his character ruined. He debased his literary gifts by productions silly, puerile, and disgusting. Dissipation at last made him an abject slave to his passions, and ended ultimately his days.

Dr. Snodgrass, a clergyman who attended Poe during his last sickness, communicated some years since to a temperance journal an affecting account of the close of his life:

"On a chilly and wet November evening I received a note stating that a man answering to the name of Edgar Allan Poe, who claimed to know me, was at a drinking saloon in Lombard street, in Baltimore, in a state of deep intoxication and great destitution. I repaired immediately to the spot. It was an election day. When I entered the bar-room of the house, I instantly recognized the face of one whom I had often seen and knew well, although it wore an aspect of vacant stupidity that made me shudder. The intellectual flash of his eye had vanished, or rather had been quenched in the bowl, but the broad capacious forehead of the author of 'The Raven,' as you have appropriately designated him, was still there; with width in the region of ideality, such as few men ever possessed. * * * * He was so utterly stupefied with liquor that I thought it best not to seek recognition or conversation, especially as he was surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen actuated by idle curiosity rather than sympathy. I immediately ordered a room for him where he could be comfortable until I got word to his relatives—for there were several in Baltimore. Just at that moment one or two of the persons referred to, getting information, arrived at the spot. They declined to take private care of him, for the reason that he had been very abusive and ungrateful on all occasions when drunk, and advised that he be sent to an hospital. He was accordingly placed in a coach and conveyed to the Washington College Hospital, and put under the care of a competent and attentive resident physician of that institution. So insensible was he, that we had to carry him to a carriage as if a corpse. The muscles of articulation seemed paralyzed to speechlessness, and mere incoherent mutterings were all that were heard.

"He died in the hospital after some three or four days, during which time he enjoyed only occasional and fitful seasons of consciousness. His disease, as will have been anticipated, was *mania a potu*; a disease whose finale is always fearful in its maniacal manifestations. In one of his more lucid moments, when asked by the physician whether he would like to see his friends, he exclaimed: 'Friends! My best friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow my brains out, and thus relieve me of my agony.' These were among his last words."

It is sad to observe how frequently men of great abilities are among the lovers of the intoxicating bowl, and how insatiate and fatal the desire for it becomes. The thirst once acquired is almost irremediable. It is stronger than self respect, stronger than ambition, stronger even than the love of life. It allures, fascinates, enthralls, and at last holds spell-bound the soul. Its victims are

"Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To sink head foremost in his jaws."

Death is not more surely the result of slow poison than of habitual intoxication. But even the intellectually great, the candidate for present and immortal fame, indulges in it, yields to its thralldom, and allows it to work his ruin. The words that Dante inscribes over the gate of hell might almost truthfully be written over the entrance of the way of inebriety:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe,
Through me you pass into eternal pain,
Through me among a people lost for aye,
* * * * * * *
All hope abandon ye who enter here."

H. Butterworth.

STANZAS.

The cold and gloomy Winter-child,
  The youngest-born of olden year,
Is dead—and comes the spring-time mild,
  To shower her gold upon his bier:
The rigid form and icy brow
  Are veiled with bloom and verdant pall;
Boreas wails the parting now,
  And milder winds the roses call.

And Spring, with May's own garlands fair,
  Is robed to meet her early doom;
And Summer, breathing odors rare,
  Embalms her sister in perfume;
And oh! we love her golden hours
  And hail her gorgeous beauty's prime;
Her jewels clothe our garden bowers!
  God's hand hath blessed the summer time!

I wander o'er the rolling hills;
  I sit beneath the blooming rose;
A tender joy my being thrills,
  My soul in worship upward goes.
Thou God! that clothed the living land
  With velvet green of vesture fair,
Keep me within thy chosen band!
  Let me thine earliest favors share!

Oberlin College. A. G. W.

ABOUT FRIENDS.

Best of all God's good gifts are warm, sympathetic friends—those who lift as well as love you. Life-friendships are rare. It is a common experience to drift away from intimate and cherished friends. Our growth changes our relations to others every day. Those whose communion we once thought necessary to our complete happiness, come to be ordinary acquaintances, whom we pass on the street with no more than a casual, customary "good morning." It is sad to think of this, sometimes; to think that friends who seem almost essential to our being now, will grow away from us, and we from them.

But this is not half so bad as the painful experience, when some terrible revelation shows, quietly and incidentally, perhaps, that our friends are unworthy our communion and confidence. It *is* hard to realize that we have been trusting and unconsciously loving meanness. I do not envy the man who can, without tears or pain, give up such a friend, worthless and mean as he may be.

But to be the one thus given up—to see that you are found unworthy of confidence and love—that your own selfishness and sin has lost you one of the best boons given to mortals, *a true friend*—the other pain is pleasure to this. Yet here is just where every one places himself—and will *see* himself sometime—who turns from the friendly offers of Christ the Savior. Painful beyond all conceptions of pain must be the feelings that at times will creep over the soul that determinedly and deliberately rejects the friendship of the Redeemer. Few are the lives so scorched and blazed by misfortune as to stand, among a world of fellow-mortals, friendless, alone! But such a life is joy-crowned and sunlit compared with the loneliness, felt or foreshadowed, of the one who strangely refuses to look upon or love Christ, the best Friend of mortals. Gilbert.

The following is what the Bible says to persons who owe for their newspaper and have not paid for it: "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it. Say not unto thy neighbor, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee." (Proverbs iii. 27, 28.)

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

TO T. T.

I.

Red Cypress! unto him who grieves,
Reading sad legends in thy leaves,
  And finding in thy flower
An emblem of the heart that bleeds,
Say: The red blossom which I bear
  Doth symbolize
  The sacrifice
Of that sublimest hour
When Love fulfilled all human needs;
Bound Death, the Victor, as a slave;
Flung wide the sealed gates of the Grave,
And let His angels, warders, there.

II.

White Rose! to him who gathers thee
The Flower of Consolation be,—
  Unfolding peace, and not despair.
With sharpest thorns set round,
  Teach him how Life may wear
Sharp griefs, and yet be crowned!

III.

Blue Harebell! that dost tremble
  To the weird breath of Sorrow,
Be to the mourning one Faith's symbol;—
  Since thou dost borrow
    The same soft hue
Her eyes have won with constant looking up!
God filleth thine inverted cup
  With heaven's own blue;
So shall His sweet assurance fill
The heart bowed meekly to His will.

Portsmouth, N. H. H. McE K.

REV. MR. PUNSHON OF LONDON.

BY REV. H. D. NORTHROP.

The Methodist Church of England has long been celebrated for its unblemished piety, its untiring activity, its earnest, eloquent ministry. It was born in an age of trial to meet a great necessity; it has lived and flourished through conflict and persecution almost unparalleled. Out of its ranks has grown a class of zealous, hardy, bold, effective preachers. Such a man was Wesley, the great father of Methodism, and he has stamped his characteristics, to a greater or less degree, upon those who have followed in his blessed "apostolical succession."

In fact, the Methodist ministry has a personality so marked, that one may generally form a very correct idea of a preacher from the simple statement that he belongs to this denomination. Of course, he preaches without notes, is blessed with energy and animation, proclaims a free and glorious Gospel, and expects by the power of the Holy Spirit to see immediate results.

No preacher of this persuasion is more famous in England at the present time than William Morley Punshon, and no living preacher is better entitled to a wide celebrity. So much is now said of him in this country, and so little of him is known, that a word of biography will not be inappropriate.

He is a native of Doncaster, and was born on the 29th of May, 1824, being now thirty-seven years of age. His parentage was highly respectable, and his early training all that could be desired. His youth appears to have been distinguished by no remarkable mental qualities, except a very retentive memory. He was fond of reading newspapers, (those great educators of the people,) was well posted on all political affairs, and delighted in the fine speeches of the most renowned orators of Parliament.

After his conversion he became a local preacher, at the early age of eighteen. Subsequently he pursued his studies at the Wesleyan Theological Institution, with direct reference to the vocation which he had chosen. In the autumn of 1845 he was sent by Conference to Whitehaven, thence to Carlisle, Newcastle-on Tyne, and Sheffield. In each of these places Mr. Punshon remained two years, and preached with great acceptance. He was then removed to Leeds, his fame by this time being wafted on every wind.

The Young Men's Christian Association of London invited him into Exeter Hall for a lecture. He discoursed upon the "Prophet of Horeb," astonished all by his masterly and brilliant eloquence, and by this single effort established a high reputation in the great metropolis. In several lectures since delivered in the same place, Mr. Punshon has more than realized the expectations which were then formed, holding listening thousands captive by his strange and irresistible witchery of thought and language.

It is doubtless as a lecturer that he is most successful. The platform affords him a wider opportunity for the display of that varied genius of which he is unquestionably possessed. He seizes some glowing theme which inspires his own soul, makes the most thorough preparation, choosing the aptest word for the place, and molding every sentence with the hand of a finished rhetorician, puts the whole in memory, and delivers it *memoriter* with the most impassioned earnestness, and, at the same time, with a becoming gracefulness. He is not so classic as our own Everett, but he is more poetical, and has greater power to create intense interest in his utterances, and stir the slumbering passions, and awaken the enthusiasm of his audience.

Mr. Punshon's preaching is such as to suit all classes, especially the cultivated and refined. He has a look of hearty good-will and sincerity, as he sits in the pulpit, which makes you feel acquainted with him before he speaks. In person, he is of medium hight, quite stout and fleshy, wears an aspect of ease and unconcern, and looks decidedly good-natured. His voice is none of the best, but is under good control. It is rather sharp and harsh, though not unpleasant to hear. Sometimes its power is concentrated on a single word, and the sound is like the crack of a discharged pistol. He speaks without manuscript, and has such freedom as no man can have except by the most patient and laborious study. He never preaches a poor sermon. Each discourse is scholarly, brilliant, elaborate, evangelical, fit to put upon paper and read. The effect of many of his efforts was well expressed by a lady who said, "He leaves you in a kind of heavenly state."

Mr. Punshon has no eccentricities or oddities, except the eccentricity of polished genius. He is not a trickster or a mountebank. He wins by those sterling qualities which are sometimes so poor a passport to success. The largest hall in London is none too large for his congregation when he is announced to preach. He attracts more of the educated, thinking class than any other minister. Mr. Spurgeon may be better adapted to get the attention of "the masses," but judged according to the strictest rules of art, it may be questioned whether Mr. Punshon has any rival in the pulpit of England or America. After all, we talk too much of instruments and too little of that divine power which alone can make them effectual. Without this, the greatest orator falls; with it, the meanest succeeds. We pray that the might of the Highest may continue to attend his flaming herald.

General Cass on Slavery.—A short time since, Rev. E. B. Fairfield, President of Hillsdale College, and late Lieut.-Governor of Michigan, paid a visit to General Cass. In discussing the affairs of the nation, Mr. Fairfield says the General made use of this language:

"I am opposed to the abolition of slavery, and have always been so; but there is no other way out of this contest than by the abolition of slavery. If we had peace to-day, we should have war to-morrow."

After a long and active life, Gen. Cass stands on the verge of time, and has no more hope of political preferment. And though, while such a hope existed, he was willing to do many behests of the slave-power, he now candidly admits that a peace with that power would not last a day; and that either the nation or slavery must be abolished. C. B. S.

A TRIP ROUND THE LAKES IN SEPTEMBER.

It is no trifling thing to encounter all the winds and waves that may meet you in an adverse mood, while "paddling your own canoe," or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, trusting your precious life in a little propeller, all the way from Collingwood to Milwaukee. If traveling be a pleasure, which it most certainly is, there are moments of great disquietude, that, if one has not a passion for adventure, will come near to turn the scale in favor of remaining in one's own chimney corner. Taking seats in the crowded cars of the Hudson River Railroad, we rushed up to Albany and on through the Empire State. Very few necessary delays occur between the heaving human tide of the great metropolis, with its tremendous interests and responsibilities, and that roaring leap and rush of an unreasoning but fearful power—that still unsurpassed wonder of both worlds—glorious, majestic, peerless Niagara. The beautiful structure two miles below the cataract, thrown from bank to bank, like a netted web of gossamer, seems almost like a thing seen in a dream; and as we looked back, after taking our seats in cars bound for Lake Ontario, the train just left was creeping at a snail's pace over the rainbow bridge.

Niagara River, from the Falls to where it meets the waters of the Lake, is a panorama, an after-scene, worthy its debut. You glide along on the very verge of the precipice, through which it has been cutting its way for centuries. At points a strong wall of masonry is built up to save the crumbling foundation. While on the left you look down a hundred feet into the rolling flood below, on the right you look up to one as high above you, the layers of slate rock hanging over your head jagged and craggy, like the Palisades of the Hudson. From the Falls to Brock's Monument the road is worth a journey from the uttermost parts of the earth. Leaving Toronto about five o'clock P.M., brought us to Collingwood, at the southern extremity of Georgian Bay, late in the evening. Here we went on board the propeller Evergreen City, or, to give it its Indian appellation, Saganaw. This route to the West was established about four years since, and during that part of the summer when Mackinaw and other points on the borders of these waters attract visitors, it is well patronized.

The land that forms the peninsula between Georgian Bay and Lake Huron is wholly of a limestone formation, and presents to the Lake or Bay a perpendicular front of stone from fifty to five hundred feet in hight. Cabot's Head, the highest point we passed, rises perpendicularly from the water, without a foot of beach; and at some points on this peninsula the waves dash in and out of caverns in the wall of rocks with a fearful fury, washing them deeper and deeper, though no one has ever been near enough to sound their depths. Along this stretch of walled shore there is no shelter for any kind of sailing craft, and it is said to have proved fatal to many of the hunters and trappers who passed in their canoes through the Bay to their hunting grounds, in the early days of the Hudson Bay Company. The islands near the head of the Bay have been named by the simple sailors after some animal, often, to which they bear at least a fancied resemblance. They are all covered, excepting their precipitous sides, with evergreen trees, and still afford a home to the deer and bear, if to nothing else. There is one island named "the Flower-Pot." Standing in the water at its base, (for this presents the usual perpendicular front to the Bay,) are two masses of rock, twenty or thirty feet in hight, composed of various layers or strata, the largest in circumference lying on the top, their bases washed by the dashing waves to one-third or less the circumference of their summit, with a sufficient irregularity in their size between the top and base to give them the appearance of a work of art; and at the distance from which we viewed them, they were like two beautiful antique vases, almost as graceful and perfect in proportion as art could make them. There were others like them years ago, but the waves have washed them down, and these, too, must soon fall away. On the rocky, forbidding shore of Georgian Bay there is one little harbor, a curious inlet into the perpendicular walls of limestone, worth a little danger to see. It is named "Tobermory," a Gaelic word signifying "deep well." The name was given by an old Scotch navigator many years ago. It is in the form of the letter T, and when within it you seem nearly encircled by a wall of stone. Vessels often seek shelter here in a storm, but a little tardiness as the wind lulls renders it impossible for them to get out, so thoroughly sheltered is it from all winds. The last point of land we rounded before meeting the waters of the Huron, was Cove Island, another bluff of limestone, with just room enough at its base for a light-house. So destitute is all this region of any variety in its geological structure, that the sand for its masonry was brought from a spot one hundred miles distant. Running across the Huron nearly in a straight line west, we encountered the gale that had been blowing from the south end of Lake Michigan, as we afterwards learned, for thirty-six hours, but getting under the lee of the land of the State, and under the dominion of our own Government, we enjoyed a tolerably quiet sail to Mackinaw. This, too, is a limestone bluff, with pretty good roads and pleasant walks, groves of spruce, arborite, and cedar.

Our next stopping-place was Beaver Island, where in 1847 the Mormons boasted they could cast a vote of 600. The Gentile inhabitants found them troublesome co-emigrants, and mustering eighty men drove the miserable creatures off the island, but not until they had lost all, or nearly all their stock, which, even to their working cattle, were stolen and killed by them. There is one tolerably good farm here. The few inhabitants are fishermen, and wood-cutters, who supply the boats with beach, birch, and maple wood at two dollars per cord. The Indians bring their little articles of bark and porcupine quills and sell them at the grocery, and in the yard of one of the miserable dwellings we saw a mountain-ash, in full berry, planted by one of the Mormon female settlers. In the evening, after encountering a heavy gale, we were driven back from an attempt to take shelter where a bright light invited us to a dock on the shore of the North Manitou Island. The gale had increased in violence, and rendered the situation of our boat a critical one; and blown off in various attempts to land, we scud, as the sailors say, till sunrise, up and down the lee side of the island, hoping through a long night to outride the tempest, which we did, and the next day landed at the Lower Manitou, where we found lying a steam-tug, belonging to a Hartford Insurance Company, which had just rescued a vessel from danger, three or four three-masted schooners, with a dozen beside, all of which had taken shelter from the gale; and in ha'f an hour another steam propeller was lying beside us, on its way to the same city of Chicago. These islands, (North and South Manitou,) like all the land between Mackinaw and the west shore of Michigan Lake, are mere heaps of sand. We saw the sailors of the various vessels bringing in from the island pailfuls of blackberries, and going ashore found them, half a mile distant, in great abundance. Early the next morning we sailed away toward "Sleeping Bear Point"—the "point" from which we had been driven back; and though the little green spot on its summit which gave it its name was still asleep, the remaining portion was in motion, its particles of sand filling the air like a golden mist, and though the gale had in part subsided, were blown on to the deck of our vessel. An Indian chief was long ago buried on the summit of this mountain of sand, and on a certain day in the month of July of every year, the Indians visit the grave, bearing with them a long, slender piece of hewn timber, which they plant firmly in the sand, and tie near its top a strip or several strips of cloth, of white, red, and blue, and then depart to their homes. At the foot of this hill lay the fragments of a steamer cast ashore in a storm two years ago, the passengers, few in number, having all perished. The sight of it the day before had added somewhat to our discomfort, and, washed by the still angry waves, was a sad sight to us now. Touching at Manitowoc and Saganaw we landed in the darkness of the night at Milwaukee, or "the pleasant hunting ground," where, at a large and beautiful hotel, we found fine apartments, attentive servants, with all the comforts that a weary traveler knows so well how to appreciate.

C. R. C.

Morality.—Dr. South, speaking of morality, says, "He that is a good man is three-quarters of the way toward being a good Christian, wherever he lives and whatever he is called."

A TRUE FAST.

A day of National Fasting and Prayer has been appointed. How shall we fast, and how pray, that our prayers may be heard?

"I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings and for *all that are in authority*, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

"Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord."

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and *will heal their land*."

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house;" [not return them to their bondage, nor put them in prison;] "when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh."

It is not a light thing that we have with us the prayers of four millions of people. Poor, ignorant, degraded, many of them are, but multitudes of them know enough to look upwards and cry unto the Lord; very many of them have faith, and are waiting,—waiting,—saying, as one expressed it, "De day of de Lord is at hand"

"When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble."

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord. I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him."

"He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

"When we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers, the Lord heard our voice and looked on our affliction and our labor and our oppression. And the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm, and with great terribleness, and with signs, and with wonders."

"Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow."

But it will be said, Our Southern neighbors pray also; they send out their troops with prayer; they kept a solemn day of fasting, and trusted that God would hear them. Doubtless many of them are sincere. We have seen and known how earnest they are in the service of God. But as a people, what saith the Lord unto them?

"Behold, ye fast for strife and debate and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush and to spread sackcloth and ashes? wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

"Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees and that write grievousness which they have prescribed; to turn aside the needy from judgment and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless."

"I will come near you to judgment, and I will be a swift witness against . . . those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts."

"The people of the land have used oppression and exercised robbery and have vexed the poor and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully."

"This is the portion of a wicked man with God, and the heritage of oppressors which they shall receive of the Almighty. If his children be multiplied it is for the sword, and his offspring shall not be satisfied with bread."

"Rob not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gate. For the Lord will plead their cause and spoil the soul of them that spoiled them."

"Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth"

As nations have no future life, retribution must come in this world. As we have shared in the sin, let us truly repent, and look unto the Lord, and trust his promises, that we perish not. God heard the cry of the Ninevites, and even Sodom might have been spared had there been found ten righteous men in the city. Even now the angel may have set a mark upon the men that sigh and that cry for all the evils that are done in the land. Let us pray. Let us "cry mightily" unto the Lord, peradventure he will come and save us.

We see not how it can be done. Every way looks dark, and the question is asked, *What can we do* with four millions of slaves freed? In due time we shall see.

Neither Pharaoh, nor his Egyptians, no, nor even Moses, could see what might be done with the millions of Israel. (600,000 men, beside women and children and a mixed multitude.) Neither is it necessary that we should know what Jehovah will do.

Let us pray. Ernest.

We append to the foregoing the following query from a Connecticut pastor:

"*Do* give us a little light upon one point,—What are we to do about the coming Fast-day? It is certainly a time for national fasting and prayer; but when I read the inspired description of an acceptable fast—Isaiah lviii. 3–12, especially ver. 6—I do not see the way clear. I believe the Fast should be postponed till we are prepared to stamp 'Freedom' on our flag, and seriously and in faith meet the consequences.

"Yours truly, T. A."

A RAINY SATURDAY,

AND A LITTLE GIRL'S FIRST COMPOSITION.

Breakfast was over. The morning was merging into forenoon. I looked up from my sewing-machine, and saw with relief that rain was falling. For six weeks the landscape had been thirsting under a frightful drouth.

Presently a child (not very distantly related to me) came in. She stood twirling her sun-bonnet, the picture of disappointment.

"What is the matter, Jessie?"

"It's *Saturday*, and it rains."

"Are you sorry for that?"

"I *do* when I've been shut up in school all the week. This week I had to be ready for the stage every morning at eight o'clock, and it brought me home at half-past four in the afternoon; then I had to eat my dinner and practice an hour; by that time the day was used up. This morning I counted on a long happy day to play, and I fixed myself for it."

I felt her disappointment, but I could not repress a smile at the funny figure she had "fixed" herself for happy Saturday. A pair of strong calf-skin shoes were tied close at her ankles; a faded gingham dress hung limpsy around her limbs, (crinoline was discarded;) a long-sleeved apron fastened close about her white throat. There was a remarkable absence of starch in all her habiliments, yet the green gingham apron was not unbecoming the yellow-haired complexion, and those eager gray eyes would have attracted attention in any dress. She stood the personation of an active mind in an active body.

"Did you expect some of your companions to play with you?"

"Yes, Robinson Sherman, and he promised to come early. I was at the gate waiting for him when it began to rain."

"How did you and Robinson expect to spend the day?"

"We have ever so many things to do. Out in the orchard I have a splendid umbrella-fish in a tub of salt water. Patrick brought him to me from Rockaway, and he had almost as much trouble to get him here alive, as there was to get Barnum's whales from Labrador. We are going to watch him and find out how he eats if we can. He does not seem to have any mouth, and when not swimming looks like a beautiful glass paper weight, with the richest colors deep in the inside. Just over in the buckwheat field is a snake's nest with five eggs in it. They are the size of pigeon's eggs, only a little longer. They are white, but, instead of a brittle shell, they are covered with a tough skin. We are going to dig a hole half-way down to China, and plant them so deep that if they ever come to life it will be the other side of the world. Then we are going to finish Mr. Skeezuck's house."

"And pray who is Mr. Skeezuck?"

"He is a kind of an imaginary man that we have been building a house for at odd times all summer. We have filled the cellar with green apples, and to-day we were going to have a flag-raising and sing the Star-Spangled Banner like everything."

"Is Mr. Skeezuck's house that mud-cabin under the black walnut tree?"

"Yes. Sometimes we play he is a Hottentot, but to-day we meant to have him a *Union man*."

"This is certainly not a favorable time for a flag-raising, so you had best employ yourself in the house."

"What can I do?"

"Shall I read to you?"

"Not unless Capt. Kittridge has come again in *The Independent*."

"He has not come."

"Well—I guess I'll write a composition."

"Why! you do not belong to the composition class, and, besides, you can't write."

"I can write a little, and I can think a good deal. Miss Jones said because everybody was complaining of the dry weather, she would give the class as a subject to write upon—Rain. I asked her if I might write too. She said I was under ten years, but I told her not much."

"You are only nine."

"I am nine and a half, and that is almost ten."

"Very well; suppose you write your composition."

She sat down close by the window and looked out. She looked up at the sky, over the fields, into the trees, down at the grass. Once a smile rippled her cheek, and then her face was as serious as if she was preparing a pulpit discourse. She sat without speaking as much as fifteen minutes, (a long time for her,) then drawing a long breath she rose and said:

"I am ready to write."

Her dissertation was not very profound nor very long, but it may interest some other beginner to read Jessie's first effort.

RAIN.

Now is the time to write about rain, for it is pouring very hard. And the leaves and the flowers seem to laugh with delight. I even fancy they squeal a little as the drops touch them.

The tops of the cherry-trees keep nodding and bowing as if they said, Welcome, little drops of water; you have been a long time coming, and now the more of you, the better. From the window I can see a field of poor dying potatoes that I think are saying, Alas! the rain has come too late for us. I am glad for the farms and the gardens to see the rain, but for myself I would rather the sun would shine on Saturday. Jessie.

She handed it in on Monday, and the teacher said it would do for a beginning.

That Saturday afternoon the rain ceased—Robinson came—they found the umbrella fish dead—they planted the adder's eggs beyond the power of mischief—and before the sun went down the Stars and Stripes made proclamation that Mr. Skeezuck's house belonged to the Great Republic. Rodense.

Selections.

CURE FOR GRUMBLING.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.
"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?
In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.
Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest."
Quoth John, "Our ign'rance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.
See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there—
So rude a mass it makes one stare!
A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Would say, 'No meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the border
The carpet now is all disorder'"
Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out*."
Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean;
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.
As, when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God;
No plan nor pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side;
But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine;
What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *carpet shall be turned*."
"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble,
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

—*Hannah More.*

WELLINGTON FACING A MOB.

One morning in February I noticed threatening crowds near the Pall Mall gate, not far from the statue of Achilles. This statue was cast from cannons taken in the Iron Duke's various battles, and was dedicated "To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, by the Women of England." I determined to watch the Duke, and see what was going to be done. Punctual to the moment, he descended the steps of Apsley House, his residence. His appearance was imposing. He was at the head of the Cabinet, Premier of England, and he was *par excellence* the first man in England.

It was a drizzly morning. He wore a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the chin, a military stock, and brown pantaloons. His falcon eye surveyed the excited groups about the Park gate with a sort of pleasant contempt. The mob were either awed by his appearance and prestige, or they had not yet screwed their courage to the insulting point. The Duke passed on horseback, attended by his faithful valet. Nobody molested him till he reached his office. There the mob hissed him; but when he turned around and faced them, the hissing ceased. He then quietly entered his office. As I knew the hour he would leave Downing street to return to the Park, I was there in due season. The neighborhood of the Horse Guards probably deterred a good many of the excited fanatics from gathering about the office, but numbers were gathered. The Duke, who was punctuality itself, came out at the appointed moment, and mounted his horse amid groans and hisses. After he passed the Horse Guards, the noise increased to shouts. When he passed the Charing

ashamed and calmed, and began to sneak away Wellington gave a smile of recognition to the man who had saved his life, and ever afterward he amply provided for him, as he did for many others, out of his own private fortune, in his own quiet, noiseless way. —*Moore.*

IS ABOLITION CONSTITUTIONAL?

In the Virginia convention which ratified the Constitution, Patrick Henry opposed the ratification on the ground that it gave Congress the power, under certain circumstances, to abolish slavery. He said:

"One of the great objects of Government is the national defense. The Constitution gives power to the General Government to provide for the *general defense*, and the means must be commensurate to the end. All the means in the possession of the people must be given to the Government which is intrusted with the public defense. May Congress not say *every black man must fight?* In the war of the Revolution, Virginia passed an act of Assembly that every slave who would join the army should be free. At some future time, Congress will search the Constitution to see if they have not the power of manumission. And have they not, sir? Have they not the power to provide for the general defense and welfare? May they not think that these call for the abolition of slavery? May they not pronounce all slaves free? and will they not be warranted by that power? The paper speaks to the point; they have the power in clear, unequivocal terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it."

Abolition, then, is constitutional. Patrick Henry was a prophet and a lawyer too. Abolition is now a necessity. Slavery is the mortal foe of the Constitution and the Union.—*Banner of the Covenant.*

THE LIVING DEAD.

We are surrounded by the living dead,
Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain.
They're bubbles in the air, husks 'mid the grain,
Mere walking flesh-piles without heart or head.
They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread,
Long years companioned with the flesh-fat worm.
To show they're men, they've nothing but the form.
They are not worth their daily nourishment and bread.
The marvels of creation move them not;
As well preach God unto a fleshless skull.
Surrounded by the grand and beautiful,
They're cold as *ley* stone of mossy grot.
Their life's a dream, a festering in the sun.
Snatched from this working earth, who'd miss them?
None!

WIFE-SHOW IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Russia, in its rapid progress toward a high cultivation, is gradually laying aside the barbarous customs that have been in vogue for many generations. Some of them still have a nominal existence, but the life has gone from them, and they must soon become extinct. Among these is the curious one alluded to in a letter from a correspondent of *The New York Evening Post*. The wife-show is held on the day after Whitsunday, in the Summer Garden, one of the pleasant parks in St. Petersburg.

This wife-show is now the last lingering relic of what was once a popular national custom. Here the sons and daughters of tradesmen were wont to assemble, to select their partners for life. The girls would come decked out in all the ornaments the family could raise, and sometimes carrying in their hands a bunch of silver tea-spoons, or playing gracefully with a huge silver ladle, as if it were a fan; while the young men, also appearing to the best advantage, would stroll by them, and on seeing any young lady who particularly struck their fancy, would politely inquire about her dower from the parents, who invariably accompanied the blushing damsels. The custom so far exists to the present day that, had I been matrimonially disposed, I might have selected a wife without even the trouble of advertising, to say nothing of saving the time which the more conventional customs of my native land deem requisite for a courtship.

Here comes a group attracting more than ordinary attention. They are candidates for matrimony—two young sisters, apparently about eighteen years of age. They are rather pretty, and quite elegantly dressed in light colors, and wearing the little jaunty hats and feathers. Behind them come their parents and an old woman plainly attired, but, after all, one of the most important members of the party. If a young man is taken with the appearance of the candidates, he will give the old lady's shawl a gentle pull, and they will together step one side and avoid the crowd by turning into one of the sidewalks. A conversation like the following will ensue, it being of course understood by the parties that the young bachelor is wife-hunting:

Old Woman.—Well, sir, what is your name?

Young Man.—Ivan Petrovitch, little mother.

O. W.—Where do you live?

Y. M.—In Gargarovitch street, No 5.

O. W.—You are well off?

Y. M.—Yes; I get so many rubles from my little store in the Gostinnor Divor, and have so much laid up. What's the name of the young lady—the one at the right, little mother?

O. W.—You're not the first that has asked me that, for a finer young woman has not been on the Summer Garden for many a sphingster. Her name is Ekatarina, and her dower is so many rubles.

After some further cross-questioning the parties separate. In the evening the old woman states to the parents the various propositions she has received, and to the one who has the largest income a note is sent. If all his statements are found correct, the thing is considered settled, and Ekatarina is married to Ivan with little more ado. She never thinks of objecting, and neither bride nor bridegroom have any idea of wasting time in courting.

But, as I before said, this custom is fast falling into desuetude, and this year not more than half a dozen candidates for matrimony presented themselves at the Summer Garden wife-show for 1861. Two or three years more, and the custom will be a tradition of the past.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The following is the opinion of that eminent jurist, Justice Story, on the freedom of the press: "That this amendment was intended to secure to every citizen an absolute right to speak, or write, or print whatever he might please, without any responsibility, public or private, therefor, is a supposition too wild to be indulged in by any rational man. This would be to allow to every citizen the right to destroy at his pleasure the reputation, the peace, the property, and even the personal safety, of every other citizen. A man might, out of mere malice and revenge, accuse another of the most infamous crimes; might excite against him the indignation of all his fellow-citizens by the most atrocious calumnies; might disturb, nay, overturn all his domestic peace and embitter his parental affections; might inflict the most distressing punishment upon the weak, the timid, and the innocent; might prejudice all a man's civil and political and private rights; *and might stir up sedition, rebellion and treason even against the Government itself in the wantonness of his passions or the corruption of his heart.* Civil society could not go on under such circumstances. Men would then be obliged to resort to private vengeance to make up the deficiencies of the law; and assassinations and savage cruelties would be perpetrated with all the frequency belonging to barbarous communities. It is plain, then, that the language of this amendment imports no more than that every man has a right to speak, write, and print his opinions upon any subject whatever, without any prior restraint, so always that he does not injure any other person in his rights, person, property, or reputation; and so always *that he does not thereby disturb the public peace or attempt to subvert the Government.*"

CANNON.

Did ye not hear it? No! 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before;
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.
—*Byron.*

Incident of Rothschild.—Rothschild was a man of imaginative positiveness. He foresaw that the fate of Europe hung on the battle of Waterloo, and took his measures to have intelligence of the result twenty-four hours in advance of the British nation. A carrier pigeon brought him the eventful cipher. He untied the minute legend hid beneath its wing. He hastened to the stock exchange, and boldly purchasing consols, when everybody thought him crazy, he "bagged" a million sterling on the morrow.

Extemporaneous Speaking.—"Carry no scrap of writing into the pulpit"

"Beware of undue length. Touch and go in these early attempts."

"Begin at once. When a friend of mine inquired of the celebrated Gilbert Stuart how young persons should be taught to paint, he replied, 'Just as puppies are taught to swim—*chuck them in.*' No one learns to swim in the sea of preaching without going into the water."

"The more special the subject, the richer will be the flow of thought."—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.

AN ARAB PARABLE.

The Arabs repeat a fable of a miller who was one day awakened by having the nose of a camel thrust into the window of a room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold out here," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The miller granted his request. After a while the camel asked that he might get his neck in, and then he gained permission to have his fore feet in the room, and so, little by little, crowded in his whole body.

The miller found his rude companion was now becoming exceedingly troublesome, for the room was not large enough for both. When he complained to the camel he received for answer, "If you do not like it, you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am." So it is with sin. It comes and knocks at the heart, pleads only for a little indulgence, and so goes on increasing its demands until it becomes master in the soul. What, then, shall the young do but guard against sin, beware of its very appearance, and, above all, pray for the aid of the Holy Spirit, that by his grace they may be enabled to keep their heart with all diligence, and to guard against the entrance of anything that may defile or ruin the soul?

A SHARP ANSWER.

There was a physician in the neighborhood of Franklin, Mass, where Dr. Emmons preached for seventy-one years, who was corrupting the minds of men by his Pantheism. The physician being called to a sick family in the Franklin parish, met the Franklin minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for a dispute. It was no place for any unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for a physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in a debate, and, above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question of the pantheist was:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir," was the triumphant response.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly—I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard there was a third person in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was *you*."

The pantheist did not follow up the discussion.

ANCIENT SCHOOLS.

Luther used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon at school. The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions:

"Died, Hauberle, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life, he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,235 blows over the mouth, 7,905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,763 *notabenes* (i. e., knocks) with the Bible, catechism, singing book, and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on peas, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood, had made 5,001 'wear the jackass,' and 1,707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various other unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about 3,000 expressions to scold with, of which he had found about two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented himself."

SLAVE LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

The rapid spread of intelligence among slaves from one plantation to another, is surprising to those not conversant with the singular habits of the blacks.

It is certain that the most trifling event will often spread for miles as rapidly as if sent by mail, and this by word of mouth passed from one to another. For instance, a child was badly burned in a place called Oak Grove, near Washington's birth-place, early on a Sunday morning, and the writer having occasion to visit a neighboring parish twelve miles distant, found the news had already preceded his advent, through the servants, as they are called. The fact is, they do not lie down at night and sleep until morning, but drop down on the floor near the fire, (which they keep in their cabins even in summer,) and, after taking a nap, will start up and go through the woods to some neighboring cabin, and perhaps snooze a little while there and return. They stroll about in this way through by-paths well-known to themselves, in the darkest nights, and keep up a constant communication with their friends. In this way, we may depend upon it that they are well posted concerning all the important events now transpiring, which greatly interest them, on both sides of the line.

Their credulity and superstition is wonderful. Three "boys" had been punished by an overseer in the absence of the master. They considered their castigation unjust, and ran to the swamp, refusing to come in "til Massa William came home." The old mother of one had been whipped to make her disclose their whereabouts, but in vain. The overseer discovered that "Aunt Polly" had placed three stones over her door as "a charm," and being an ignorant man himself, he performed a like operation to counteract its force. We asked the old woman what she did it for? when she looked pale, (for black folks will grow pale with fear,) and she replied, quite shrewdly—"Well, I don't know, Massa; Ise never heerd tell on *that*. But Ise heerd tell as how de servants does put stones in de fire place, to keep *de hawks away from de chickuns.*"—*Chicago Record.*

ANAGRAMS.

Anagrams are formed by the transposition of the letters of words, or sentences, or names of persons, so as to produce a word or sentence of pertinent or of widely different meaning. This may be converted into a highly interesting game for a social circle. A large number of letters of the alphabet should be procured, and when the word is selected, should be transposed by the company. For instance: Let the word be *Astronomers*. These letters rightly placed will make—No more stars *Immediately:* I met my Delia. *Catalogue:* Got a clue. *Elegant:* Neat leg. *Old England:* Golden land. *Parishioners:* I hire parsons. *Parliament:* Partial men. *Revolution:* To love ruin. *Penitentiary:* Nay, I repent. *Midshipman:* Mind his map. *Matrimony:* Into my arm. *Sweet heart:* There we sat. *Presbyterian:* Best in prayer. *Telegraphs:* Great helps.

A RIDDLE.

To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete;
Let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet;
Then add a triangle that stands on two feet;
Then two semi-circles and a circle complete.
My whole is an article that some folks eat.

The Father of Mrs. Browning.—The father of Mrs. Browning was Edward Moulton Barrett, a country gentleman. He inherited a handsome fortune from his maternal grandfather, and had a beautiful homestead called Hope End, beneath the Malvern Hills in Herefordshire, in which county he served as high sheriff in 1814. He rebuilt the mansion and embellished the park and grounds of Hope End; and in that fairy dwelling the poetess, his daughter, passed her happy childhood and the days of her early womanhood. His London residence was No. 50 Wimpole street, a locality to which pilgrimages will hereafter be made by the reverent admirers of the great Englishwoman.

An Incident.—During the siege of Sevastopol, a Russian shell burled itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon-shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under the direction of an overruling Providence, proved an almoner of life to the parched and weary soldier of the Allies.

Fond of the City.—Charles Lamb was discontented away from London, and while visiting some of the most charming scenery of rural England, sighed for the shady side of the streets of the great metropolis. Dr. Samuel Johnson was eloquent in praise of London. He once observed to Boswell, "You find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, sir; when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

Mr. Hamlin as a Farmer.—Vice-President Hamlin when at his home in Hampden, Me., is a plain farmer. Since his recent return from the Capital, one of his neighbors called upon him, and the servant who ushered him in requested him to "take a seat and she would speak to Mr. Hamlin." Soon after Mr. H. came up out of his cellar and excused himself from shaking hands, remarking at the same time that his hands were dirty, for he had been *picking over his potatoes.*

"NO PENT-UP UTICA."

Everybody has heard the lines,

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

But very few people know the author, or in what poem they occur. They were written by Jonathan Mitchell Sewell, a New Hampshire poet, as an epilogue to Addison's play of Cato on the occasion of its performance by an amateur company in Portsmouth in 1788. The whole production was one of decided power. The spirit of the Revolution entered into every expression. We give a few lines:

"And what now gleams with dawning rays at home
Once blazed in full-orbed majesty at Rome.
Did Rome's brave Senate nobly strive t' oppose
The mighty torrent of domestic foes,
And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare
The desperate perils of unequal war?
Our Senate, too the same bo'd deed has done,
And for a Cato armed a Washington!

"Rise, then, my countrymen, for fight prepare,
Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!
For your grieved country nobly dare to die,
And empty all your veins for liberty;
No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours!"

A BOSTON BOY CONFINED ON BOARD A PRIVATEER.

The Boston Herald states that a son of Mr. Gammon of East Weymouth picked up on the East Weymouth beach a bottle containing a note, of which the following is an exact copy. The original, written in pencil on two small pieces of paper, was brought to us by Cushing's East Weymouth express, and authenticity vouched for. It bears marks of genuineness:

Off Nantucket Shoals, July 23, 1861.

Private Johnson on board the privateer Jeff. Davis. I am confined on board as a prisoner. Whoever picks this up will please let my folks know in Boston. I have been ordered to be shot for trying to escape. Tell them to avenge my death. She can be very easily captured, as they have only twenty men aboard. Trusting something will happen to make good my escape before this unjust sentence can be executed upon me. Publish this in the Boston papers for God's sake, and let them know about it. They have taken three prizes to-day. Hoping some one will pick this up, I bid farewell to all.

Wm. A. Johnson.

A STORY OF MAHMOUD

There is a story, says *The Illustrated London News*, about the death of Abdul Medjid's father, the formidable Mahmoud, which will bear telling—the more so as we heard it from the lips of a young Turk just arrived in England, and that it never has to our knowledge been in print. When Mahmoud lay on his divan of death, he remembered that a great review of the garrison of Constantinople was to take place under his palace window in three days' time. He desired that at whatever moment he might expire, his death should be kept secret from the troops until the review was over. Sultan Mahmoud died on the same night; but three days afterwards his dead body, covered with his well-known cloak, and capped with his well-known fez, bearing a diamond aigrette, was propped up, an opera-glass in one of his cold hands, at an open window, beneath which the troops filed, shouting "Long live the Sultan."

Foreign Miscellany.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

Sabbata pango,
Funera plango,
Solemnia clango.
—*Inscription on an old bell.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
And still grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chimin'
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a gibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tollin'
Old Adrian's mole in,
Their thunders rollin'
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber
Pealing solemnly;
Oh, the bells of Shandon
They sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While in town and kiosk, O,
In St. Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them,
But there's a phantom
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

—*Father Prout.*

* An Abbey near Cork, celebrated for its chime of bells.

GOYON AND DE MERODE.

A LAY OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Au! 'ave a you eerd ze news wheech 'ave occur joost now?
Monsignor de Mérode wiz Goyon 'ave von row.
Ze Général demand, and Monsignor deny,
Surrender of Zouave for some offense to try.

To Général Goyon, of Monsignor Mérode,
Ze ensare, in Inglees expraséd, vas "You be blowed;
I vill a not give op ze unfortunate to you:
Your mastère ees von rhog, von ombog, and von doo!"

Ze Général Goyon, to hear zis bad language
Spoke of Napoléon, flew into von great rage;
"Aha!" he cry, "ze coat protects you what you wears,
Else I wode give you two great boxes on ze ears.

"Take off your priestly robbs wheech keeps your shoulders warm,
And I of Général will change ze uniform
Zat now on your honneur I 'ave inflicted stain,
I may you render satisfaction on ze plain."

Monsignor de Mérode replied, "You'll me excuse;
Ze offer to accept, for why I most refuse."
"Monsignor de Mérode," say Général Goyon,
"To me it plain appears zat you are von poltron.

"Ze boxes of your ears vat causes you no pain,
Since as you zem accept zey morally remain,
Behold, you see ze tip of zis extended toe;
Conceive zat you arrest ze kick I make just so!"

Monsignor de Mérode did zereupon retreat,
Like von small dog wiz tail between his hinder feet,
Ze soldier of him claimed surrender by-and-by,
And seat him down to eat von plate of omble pie.
—*Punch.*

The Etiquette of the Seraglio.—On the Sultan's return to the seraglio, after the recent ceremony of girding on the sword, there were collected nearly a thousand Turkish, Armenian, and other native ladies, and by the courtesy of one of these I am enabled to describe what took place within these male-forbidden precincts. Such a company, as may be supposed, required disciplinary attention; and, effectively to supply this, a couple of lady police aided the attendant *posse* of eunuchs in maintaining order throughout the *salons*. Teas, sherbets, and other refreshments were provided in abundance, and after these had been freely discussed the most distinguished of the company were admitted to an audience of the Validé Sultana, and honored with permission to kiss her slipper. Shortly after this ceremony had been gone through, his Majesty arrived, and was received on the landing of the stairs by his mother, who accompanied him into the Throne Room, where he kissed her hand, and had his forehead saluted in return. The four daughters of the late Sultan were then introduced from adjoining rooms, and were received by his Majesty standing. They kissed his boot, as did also his sister—the wife of the Capitan Pasha—who was next introduced. His own one wife then entered the room, and was met by the Sultan some steps from the throne; an affectionate pantomime ensued, after which the Sultana retired into her chamber. Several of the general crowd of ladies were next permitted to salute the Imperial boot, which over, his Majesty withdrew, conducting his mother by the hand.—*Letter from Constantinople.*

Sketch of Count Cavour.—He was sitting, on the first day of that debate, at the right end of the minister's table. I had seen him last at Bologna, hustled by a dense crowd, cheering madly as Victor Emanuel entered, as king, the northern capital of the Papal States. Still, even if I had not known him by sight before, there could have been no difficulty in recognizing the Italian premier. The form, and figure, and features were such that portrait-painters and caricaturists could and did seize them easily and truly. The squat—and I know no truer word—pot-bellied form; the small, stumpy legs; the short, round arms, with the hands stuck constantly in the trowsers' pockets; the thick neck, in which you could see the veins swelling; the scant hair; the slurred, blotched face; and the sharp, gray eyes, covered with the goggle spectacles—these things must be known to all who have cared enough about Italy to examine the likeness of her greatest statesman. The dress itself seemed a part and property of the man. The snuff-colored tail coat; the gray, creased, and crumpled trowsers; the black silk double tie, seeming, loose as it was, a world too tight for the swollen neck it was bound around; the crumpled shirt; the brown satin single-breasted waistcoat, half unbuttoned, as though the wearer wanted breath, with the short, massive gold chain dangling down its front—seemed all to be in fitness with that quaint, world-known figure.

What, however, no portrait that I have seen has ever given, was the great kindliness of look and manner. It is Balzac, I believe, who says that dogs and women have an unfailing instinct which teaches them whom they can make up to safely; and I think that a dog who wanted his head patted, or a woman who sought for a kind word in trouble, would have come to Count Cavour without doubt or fear. Whether when the pat was given and the kind word spoken, there was room for a deeper and more personal affection, may perhaps be doubtful. The great men of this world have few friends and many lovers; and of such Cavour was one.

Then Cavour rose. His attitude was careless—almost slovenly. With the left hand buried deep down in his pocket, his right played nervously with a paper-knife, which he kept swinging to and fro. (Ah me! what a treasured relic that paper-knife must be to some one now.) His sentences at first came slowly and hesitatingly; and, as they ended, he seemed to falter constantly, as though he was doubting what next to say. As he went on, however, you perceived that the order and sequence of these halting sentences was perfected; that the man was speaking, not because he had a speech to make, still less because it was a pleasure to him to speak, but because he had something that needed saying. —*Recollections of Cavour.*

A Swell-Mobsman Impersonating Rev. Mr Spurgeon.—A circumstance of barefaced swindling occurred in Limerick on Monday. It appears that a young gentleman, clerically attired, put up a few days since at a hotel in Roche's street, entering himself "Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, en route to Killarney," and stated to the hotel-keeper, in the way of conversation, "that he was specially engaged to preach before the Queen during the Royal visits to the romantic lakes of that part of Her Majesty's dominions, but that it was to be kept a perfect secret until the Queen actually arrived." As a matter of course, every possible attention was paid to the supposed celebrated rev. gentleman, not only by the proprietor, but waiters, chambermaids, etc., to whom strict injunctions were issued not to breathe his name, and strict secrecy was accordingly observed by all. His chops at breakfast were made savory and done up brown; his lunch was punctually placed upon the table precisely at one; he dined at six, and subsequently enjoyed each evening half a bottle of wine and two glasses of brandy-punch. So far all went right, and in the daytime he strolled about the city viewing its curiosities; and, deeming it advisable to add a new suit to his wardrobe, he entered the establishment of Mr. O'Connor, master tailor and military outfitter, William street, where he fitted himself and ordered the clothes home to the hotel, first directing some slight alterations to be made. The master tailor sent the suit of clothes to the hotel by his messenger, to be delivered to Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, with bill for amount. They were again fitted on, and pronounced "all right," the wearer asking the messenger if he had balance of change between the tailor's bill and a £10 note, to which he replied in the negative, whereupon "the rev. gentleman" exclaimed, "Oh, never mind; I have business at the bank, where I am just going, and on my return I will discharge this bill. In the meantime, you can remain here and await my reappearance." The rev. gentleman then proceeded to the bank—that is, to the bank of the Shannon, where he took steamer down river, and has not since made his appearance, leaving his carpet-bag, which was filled with hay, behind him, for the tailor and the hotel-keeper to nibble at. The police are on the *qui vive*, and, as it is said that this rev. gentleman is known, there can be no doubt of his speedy capture.—*Limerick Paper.*

The Moving Moss at Slamannan.—A correspondent, writing on Thursday from Slamannan, says:

"The entire mass of moss, some of the pieces of which will weigh a couple of cwts., is still moving now as taken an easterly course in the direction of Limeridge, covering up a large portion of the branch railway, plant and all; also a free-stone quarry, that was being wrought, is entirely filled up, the depth of which will be about thirty feet, besides trees, hedges, and the crops that are lying on the low grounds. It has by this time covered over an area of a quarter of a mile, or more, and is at present leading its course through a burn, and no saying but it may come and inundate a number of dwelling houses alongside of the same. This somewhat frightful phenomenon is one of the strangest sights that ever happened in this part of her Majesty's dominions, and consequently it attracts crowds of old and young people from far and near to witness it."

Illness of the Queen of Madagascar.—A letter from Tamnarrive, the capital of Madagascar, of June 25th, says:

"The Queen is dying, and will probably be dead before this letter reaches Europe. The hereditary prince and his brother have shut themselves up in the palace, and are protected by 400 persons who are devoted to them. The Queen's widower, however, is also a pretender to the throne, and is supported by a party. It is probable that there will be war between the partisans of the two princes, unless, as certain natives coolly propose, the nephew should be poisoned. The hereditary prince has been brought up by a Frenchman in the Catholic religion; the nephew is attached to the barbarous customs of his people, and looks upon European civilization with horror. The English have some vessels cruising on the coasts."

The are Upwards of 22,000 Persons in England and Wales who are blind. Taking the whole population of Great Britain, there is about one blind person in every 979—in England and Wales, one in 979; in Scotland, one in 960; and in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, one in 830. In Ireland the proportion of blind is one in 864 inhabitants. In the level portions of Europe, comprising Belgium, Hanover, parts of Germany, and the plains of Lombardy and Denmark, the proportion is stated to be one blind in every 950 inhabitants. In elevated regions the proportion is considerably lower; but in Norway the proportion is one in every 488 inhabitants.

Long Life in England.—It speaks well for the healthfulness of England that in the year 1859, for which the returns have just been published, the list of deaths included 25 men and 56 women who had attained what Dr. Farr calls "the natural lifetime of a hundred years." The oldest man in the obituary of the year died at Sunderland, aged 107; but a woman in Wokingham district, Berks, was 108, and two women, one in Monmouthshire and one in South Wales, had reached the patriarchal age of 110. Of these centenarians eight were found in London; the county that could boast the largest number is Somersetshire, in which there were seven.

English Opinion Demanding Emancipation in the United States.—*The London Weekly Times* (not the "Thunderer") says in its leading article of August 18th:

"In mere questions of political and military organization the Unionists will rapidly progress; but we want to see them brought to a distinct recognition of the fact, so obvious in this country, that without the abolition of slavery there can be no final adjustment of the quarrel between North and South. The ablest American statesmen know this full well, but they seem afraid to speak out, and perhaps a failure of other plans must precede the adoption of the only satisfactory course."

The Lyons Journals state that among the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Letters during the present academical session in that city is a young lady, who, being compelled by a reverse of fortune to become a governess, has had the perseverance to carry her studies much further than usual for her sex. She passed through the first examinations with great credit, and there is every probability that she will be the first *bachelière* admitted by the University of France.

Christians Holding Public Offices in Turkey.—Two Christians have just been placed at the head of important service at Constantinople. One of them, Franco Poassa Effendi, has been appointed director of the telegraphs. The other, Palatis Musurus, brother to the Ottoman Embassador at London, has been named to one of the highest posts in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. These two appointments are looked on as undeniable symptoms of the new Sultan's favorable feelings toward his Christian subjects.

Age of the World.—The deepest deposit of guano known is 70 feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed more than one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation, it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed. Such a calculation carries us back toward a former geological period, and proves that in past ages a greater number of birds existed.

It is stated that Sir Edward Coey, the Mayor of Belfast, who was knighted the other day, entered Belfast a poor boy about forty years ago, seeking employment without a shilling in his pocket. Now he is one of the wealthiest men in the community. He has purchased, at a cost of £80,000, the ancestral estate of the Earl of Antrim, and he now ranks among the leading gentry of his native country.

It appears from the Returns made by the officers appointed to take the late census, that the population of Paris amounts to 1,700,000 souls. In the year 1789 Paris contained but 650,600 inhabitants; in 1817 they amounted to 713 966, in 1841 to 935,261, in 1851 they counted above a million, and in five years afterward they had increased to 1,174,346 souls.

A "First-Class" Beggar.—The Montrose Gathering, it would seem, has been a profitable affair for mendicants, for on Friday one of that tribe, dressed in ragged habiliments, asked and paid for a first-class ticket to a distant station, and took his seat in the cushioned carriage. Several parties of *ton* applied to the guard to eject the intruder, but the "jolly beggar" coolly showed the official his ticket and kept his seat.—*Montrose Standard.*

The Charivari publishes a rather humorous political caricature. An intensely Parisian-looking crowd—drawn as Cham alone can draw—is gazing on a display of fireworks, which is obscured by a thick cloud of smoke, inscribed, "Question Romaine;" underneath is the following pregnant remark: "Les chandelles romaines incapables d'eclairer leur propre question."

Bottle Picked Up.—The following was picked up in a bottle at Lamlash Quay on the 12th of August: "Gone down in the Bay of Biscay, the screw steamer Hiero. Have taken to the boats, but don't expect to see land again. May the Lord have mercy on us!—John Sorston, First Mate, July 17, 1861."

Death of Mr. Atkinson, the Oriental Traveler.—We regret to learn of the death, at Lower Walmer, Kent, of T. W. Atkinson, Esq., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., for many years traveling in Central Asia, and author of "Travels in Siberia and on the Amoor."

Private Letters from Hamburg convey the intelligence that the King of Denmark, vexed and irritated by Prussian rancor, has resolved to set aside the provisions of the Treaty of London, and proposes to make the King of Sweden his heir, in lieu of the Prince of Glucksbourg.

The Curious in Literary Matters may be astonished to hear that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is to get £100 a week for his new story in *All the Year Round*. Miss Evans, however, received as much for one volume—"Silas Marner"—as this novel will fetch when complete, namely £2,000.

Rather Unusual.—A Bremen journal contains the following advertisement: "A young gentleman, on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step."

The French Jockey Club has declined striking out the Baron de Vidil's name from their list, and several members of the aristocracy have consequently resigned.

A New Pretender disputes the throne of Abyssinia with the Emperor Theodore.

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The work is the property of the Board; but as the Board cannot attend to the printing and circulation of it, an arrangement has been effected, by which that will be done through Mr. N. Broughton, Jr., Depositary of the American Tract Society, No. 28 Cornhill, Boston, at which place it will be kept for sale. The retail price has been fixed at One Dollar, in the hope that a large circulation may be obtained. Further particulars respecting the work, and its distribution, will be given hereafter.

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RATES OF TUITION.

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Editors' Book Table.

THE month of August is commonly quite productive in new books—the annual trade sales then affording special facilities for introducing books to market through the exchanges of publishers. The past summer, however, has yielded hardly anything new from the press—both authors and publishers being indisposed to bring the quiet productions of literature into competition with the excitements of war. Those of our readers who are accustomed to consult this column for information and guidance in the purchase of books, have therefore lost little by the omission of book-notices for a few weeks past. But the foreign publishing trade has been much more active than our own; and having laid by a few vacation notes upon sundry books imported for private use, we throw these together here for the benefit of whom it may concern. First of all, by way of caution, we confess that the pursuit of Oriental Geography and Archæology as a specialty, sometimes betrays us into quite unsatisfactory purchases.

Last spring, the public libraries regarded Dr. Davis's *Carthage and its Remains* as a book too sacred to be trusted outside of their walls; the English publishers, alarmed by the new tariff, forbore to ship their more valuable issues for the chances of an American market; and so, one who could not afford to lounge by the hour in a public reading-room, must needs import to order a work that *might* be worth the having. Well, neither in scholarly merit, nor in the extent and value of the author's discoveries, did this volume of Dr. N. Davis, issued in such elegant style by Mr. Richard Bentley, publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty, prove to be worth the six dollars that it cost on delivery in New York. A volume of half the size would contain all that is of real interest and value in Dr. Davis's work—omitting his loquacious narratives of trifling personal incidents, and condensing his very superficial expansion of Carthaginian history. We doubt whether our explorer has mastered the authoritative work of Movers, "*Die Phönizier*," etc., or even the scholarly monograph of Kenrick on the Phenicians. Still Dr. Davis had the singular good fortune to discover the ground-plan of an ancient edifice probably of the Phenecian era, having a Mosaic pavement of great beauty, with colossal figures of divinities, which he has reproduced in beautiful chromatic plates. He has also copied inscriptions of some historical value, has mapped out the area of ancient Carthage, and given drawings and descriptions of the principal ruins. He has thus made a good beginning as an explorer, and, with all its literary defects, his work is one that persons interested in such studies should not fail to read. The Messrs. Harper have republished it at $2 50, and their edition, though less dazzling in its colors, is a very fair reproduction of the plates of the original. It is well worth that price. Indeed the American publishers deserve the thanks of scholars for cheapening such works in these times. The Harpers have thus brought many valuable foreign books of history and travel within the reach of students of moderate means.

We were thoroughly 'sold' in importing to order a book on *Egypt in its Biblical Relations and Moral Aspect*, by J Foulkes Jones, B A. It cost us two dollars, but we will sell it for two *paras*, lawful Egyptian currency. Possibly had Mr. Jones confined himself to a journal of his own observations and emotions, he might have found a select circle of sentimental readers capable of appreciating such passages as the following: "Tears may flow, and, trickling down the suppliant's cheek, may stain the altar at which he kneels in prostration and prayer. But this is nothing—no more than the dripping thaw, which in a warm sun flows down the face of an icy glacier, leaving its frost-bound heart still unmoved. Demons, if they have not shed tears, have believed and trembled. Satan himself before now has said and thought some very good things, while yet a devil at heart." We commend this style of talk to sensation preachers, and advise *them* to "cultivate" Mr. Foulkes Jones. This author uses the same flippancy of speech whether his subject is a god or a demon, a modern fellah of the Nile or the mummy of an ancient Pharaoh. Here are his moral reflections upon the embalming of the dead as pictured in one of the tombs:

"What a change! This man died—lived well, laughed heartily, and died'—no more parties and boating on the Nile. Here he is under the embalmer's hands; and then will come the funeral, and the widow following the bier to the grave, and here they buried him 'in his own new tomb which he had hewn out of the rock;' and, as the Jews used to do long afterwards, they 'rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher, and then departed'—where is he now? I don't suppose anybody knows for certain who or what he was; but he must have been some gentleman, and he had a fine house somewhere in this neighborhood; and when he was alive and died, perhaps about the time that old Jacob was roaming the world in his gipsy-tent!"

This easy familiarity with ancient and sacred scenes no doubt appears very fine to the author and his special admirers: but it is quite below the dignity of a Christian scholar, who professes to treat of "Egypt in its Biblical relations and moral aspect." What Mr. Foulkes Jones's pretensions are in this respect may be learned from his preface:

"Nile travelers, generally, are little attracted by the religious aspect of Egypt; and thus it is that in most books of travel, but little attention is paid to the religious uses of Egyptology. Many will regret this; since it is from hence, at least historically, that the country derives one of its greatest charms. This, mainly, is my reason for offering the present work to the public; and I do so with the hope that, to those for whom it is intended, it may be found not uninteresting or uninstructive."

We are sorry to say that it is both. Its treatment of the special topic proposed betrays a lack of the scholarly Christian culture that such a service demands. The author says:

"Writing as a religious traveler, it has been my chief object to note those points in the life and history of ancient Egypt which serve to illustrate its connection with the religion and Book of God. Herein, I have had occasion to touch upon its chronology, mythology, ritual, and civilization; but, indeed, for the purpose of a scientific investigation, but simply with a view to the practical vindication of the Bible or the general elucidation of Christian truth."

The topics which Mr. Jones "touches upon" with such flippant familiarity, are still undergoing the most rigid "scientific investigation" by Egyptologists, who hardly venture to express themselves confidently upon the chronology of ancient Egypt or the sources and growth of its civilization. It is evident that Mr. Jones has not attempted to digest such authors as Lepsius, Bunsen, and Brugsch, and he does not even give us a fair and readable digest of Wilkinson, Hengstenberg, and Osborn, whose pages he seems to have skimmed over—or at least the "Hand-Book" of the former. It would not pay even for the Nassau-street Tract Society to republish his book, with all its pious sentimentalism.

We turn gratefully to other investments in this department which we have found both satisfactory and rewarding.

To one interested in the subject, *Egyptian Chronicles*, by William Palmer, M.A., published by Longmans & Co. of London, (which may be imported for ten or twelve dollars, under the new tariff,) is worthy of careful study—especially if one has already read Bunsen's speculations in chronology, and Dr. Williams's essay in the volume of Recent Inquiries in Theology. Mr. Palmer, late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, is a ripe scholar, and though somewhat given to churchly fantasies in his highly wrought Introduction, he devotes himself with the candor of historical criticism and the patient exactness of mathematical calculation, to the problem of the harmony of sacred and Egyptian chronology. His first endeavor is to get a definite schedule for each. As the basis of Egyptian chronology Mr. Palmer adopts the "Old Chronicle" as given by Syncellus, of the IXth century, who probably drew it from the Manetho of Africanus. Mr. Palmer is at great pains to correct and verify this Chronicle; and he gives 5,364 as the sum of real Egyptian years before Christ. As the basis of sacred chronology, he takes Josephus as corrected and verified by the Septuagint, and in this way he gets in all 5,356 Hebrew or solar years B.C., which equal about 5,359 Egyptian years. The date of Menes he fixes at 2,224 B.C., or 65 years before Abraham, according to his schedule of sacred chronology. He believes that the Israelites were in Egypt under the dynasty of the Hykšos or Shepherds, that their oppressions began after the expulsion of this dynasty, and that the exodus took place under Amenoph II., B.C. 1654. The discussions by which Mr. Palmer arrives at his synchronism of sacred and Egyptian chronology, are of the most complicated character. They cover more than a thousand octavo pages, and involve the careful analysis of all known Egyptian and Greek authors. His tables of dates are elaborately constructed from the materials thus obtained, and whatever may be thought of his results, his work is a monument of patient industry and research. It will henceforth be an indispensable part of the apparatus for the study of Egyptology.

We are happy also to make favorable mention of *Scripture Lands in Connection with their History*, by G. S. Drew, M.A., published by Smith, Elder & Co., No. 65 Cornhill, London. The plan of Mr. Drew's work is to treat of Egypt, the Desert, and Palestine, in their geographical relations under the successive eras of Biblical and secular history, working up his materials in the form of a continuous narrative, and fortifying the statements which he assumes in the text by argumentative footnotes. Though neither original nor profound, the volume is readable and useful. The writer aims at a conscientious accuracy, and has no pet theory to maintain. His opinion that Wady-Sebayeh was the true scene of the encampment at Sinai, is fortified by a more thorough exploration than has before been made of that section. Dr. Robinson saw Sebayeh only from the top of Djebel Mousa. Stanley was content with the same view. The writer of this notice was prevented by illness at Sinai from exploring that Wady. Mr. Drew gives us some valuable data. His book is worth reprinting, since few in this country will import it. Mr. D. believes in the literal return of the Jews to Palestine.

SCHOOL-BOOKS.—The materials of education are as necessary to preserve the nation as are materials of war. We are glad to learn that in the department of school-books our publishers find the demand but little affected by the times. Most of the prominent publishing-houses in New York have been for years quite active in supplying the country with educational works. They have gained a high reputation for books of this class, and they find in this their surest market and their largest profit. In these dull days it is gratifying to see signs of business anywhere, and especially in a branch so useful to the country. Our neighbors of 115 Nassau st., Sheldon & Co., have even enlarged their school-book business, by incorporating with their own issues the large and valuable list hitherto published by Pratt, Oakley & Co, embracing Bullion's Series of Grammars and of Classical Works, Dodd's Mathematical Series, Olney's Geographical and Comstock's Scientific Series, and the admirable treatises of Prof. Hooker on Physiology and Prof. Brocklesby on Astronomy. This enlarged stock makes their apparatus for education very complete, and from their own stock and by exchanges they will be able to meet almost any demand in this department. Messrs. Sheldon & Co. will keep up their excellent list of standard religious and historical books, and their miscellaneous stock, adding to these, from time to time, works of sterling merit. Messrs. Ivison & Phinney, A. S. Barnes & Burr, and other well-known school-book publishers find business reviving with the opening of the fall terms. While General Mitchell has gone to head an army against the enemy, his business colleagues, Messrs. Phinney, Blakeman & Mason, will do all in their power to train a generation of loyal citizens by means of school-books. Many parents now send their children to school because there is nothing else for them to do—a fortunate circumstance both for the children and for the country.

GESCHICHTE DER ERDKUNDE UND DER ENTDECKUNGEN, von Carl Ritter, herausgegeben von H. A. Daniel. Berlin: George Reimer.—Ritter was accustomed to introduce his course on physical geography at Berlin by prelections giving a full survey of geographical literature, with a view to a history of geography and discovery. It was Ritter's intention to have prepared these introductory lectures for the press, but before he had accomplished the task he was called away by death. The materials thus designed for a complete history of geography are now given to the public in outline from Ritter's manuscript notes, by Dr. Daniel of Halle. Of course these are but brief memoranda, being comprised in an octavo of 260 pages. But as guides to sources of inquiry and to the author's method of geographical study, they are comprehensive and instructive. The volume is divided into two parts; the geography of antiquity and that of the middle ages. Under the first, the author treats of the Hebrews and Egyptians, the Phenicians, Greeks, the expeditions of Alexander, the Indians and Chinese, and the Romans. The geography of the middle ages covers a period of a thousand years; from the national migrations A D 400 to the circumnavigation of Africa by Vasco de Gama and the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus.

It is grateful to observe Ritter's deferential treatment of the Scriptures. Too many historians and men of science insist upon putting the Hebrew Scriptures on trial, as witnesses whose veracity must be established from other sources before their testimony can be received. This is unfair even by the canons of historical criticism. Ritter accepts the tenth chapter of Genesis as a genuine historical record, the oldest table of nations. In like manner, he accepts the occupation of Canaan under Joshua as a *geographical document*; and so throughout, he treats the Bible as an independent authority upon questions of geography and ethnography. As a guide to geographical study, the volume is worth translating and republishing in this country—or perhaps Prof. Guyot of Princeton or Mr. D. C. Gilman of Yale could make it the basis of such a history of the literature of Geography and Discovery as Ritter intended. A fine portrait of the author adorns the book.

Apropos of Ritter, it was our good fortune to purchase at the sale of his library sundry books and charts which he had in constant use. Among these is his copy of Reland's Palestine, the Nuremberg edition of 1716, with marginal pencilings by the hand of Ritter indicating his mode of study; also Rüppel's maps of Arabia and Africa, with Ritter's amendments in inks of various colors, and other mementoes of his patient criticism. Biblical students will be glad to know that *Reimer* of Berlin offers for sale separately the volumes of Ritter's *Erdkunde* which treat of Sinai, Palestine, and Syria, for 24 thaler 5 Sgr. There are six volumes in all, being parts 14 to 16, and 17 of the Erdkunde. A full index is given in the last volume; and Ritter's map of Syria may be purchased with them.

Commercial and Financial.

THE WAR LOAN.

AN appeal has been made by the Treasury Department for a loan—a patriotic fund with which to sustain the present heavy expenses of Government. The people are responding with more or less liberality and alacrity. But it strikes us that the response does not keep pace with the wants of the Treasury. A million of dollars a day, we are told by the Secretary, is required to meet the present expenses of the Department. Are the people responding accordingly? Are they "keeping step to the music?" Let us look at the figures. The banks took, or rather assumed to take, on the 19th of August, $50,000,000 of the 7 3-10 Treasury notes, relying upon the people to take them off their hands before the 1st of October, when another $50,000,000 will be required by the Treasury Department. Since the banks undertook this loan to the 6th day of September, a period of eighteen days, the people have relieved them of less than three millions, during which time the Treasury has spent eighteen millions.

If the public continue to absorb this loan at the present rate until the 1st of October, they will have taken about $8,000,000, perhaps the amount may reach $10,000,000, leaving the banks with the remaining $40,000,000 of their Treasury notes on hand. Does any one suppose that the banks in such a condition will be able to undertake another $50,000,000? and if they did, could they respond for it with the coin? Certainly not.

Well, what will have to be done? Simply this: The Government will have to do just as merchants and banks do—pay out its own notes to its creditors, instead of first endeavoring to obtain coin for its notes and then paying out that. Now, we would suggest for the consideration of the Government that it should adopt the same method in conducting its business as has always been adopted by the commercial world.

First establish a credit, and then it can issue notes to its creditors, and let them convert them into coin as they desire. A merchant or a bank which would issue notes and then undertake to convert them into coin with which to pay general creditors, would be considered as going the wrong way to work to get credit. And what is true of an individual is true of a bank or a government. There are some general financial laws which are inexorable and cannot be violated with impunity—and the principle just stated is one of them.

The Treasury Department has on deposit with the banks in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, somewhere between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000, or so much of the last loan as the Department has not drawn. Let the Secretary suggest to the banks that he will allow that amount to remain with them undrawn so long as these banks will receive on deposit all notes issued by the Government under existing laws payable on demand at par, and also all notes bearing interest 7 3-10 at par and accrued interest. This of course would raise them to an equality with coin in these cities—and if in these cities, the commercial centers of this country; then they would be equal to coin the country over, and would enter into general circulation, furnishing what is now needed, a sound currency, commanding the confidence of all. The demand Treasury notes should not be made payable at any particular point, but should be redeemed at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, or either of these cities. If made payable at any *specified* place, they could not be converted into coin in any other place except at a discount. Thus notes payable in Boston would not be par in New York, but would rank with Eastern currency.

This plan would cost the Government simply the interest on the amount allowed to remain as a reserve fund with the banks. But the advantages which we apprehend would accrue to it and the country would far outweigh all loss of interest, by enabling the Government to pay its own notes directly to its creditors, who could at their option either retain or convert them into coin. The public once fully assured that the notes would at any time command the coin, without discount, would much prefer them to coin, and they would circulate without question wherever the Stars and Stripes floated. Like a Bank of England note, they would also circulate in the British dominions.

The ability of the Government to pay out its own notes to its creditors, and have them received everywhere the same as coin, would obviate the necessity for any subscription to a national loan.

The banks would probably be induced to make such an arrangement with the Government for the deposit left with them. They might, and doubtless would, stipulate that if the notes not bearing interest should accumulate at any time to an amount exceeding say $20,000,000 on their hands, then the Government should issue proposals for the disposal of the loan due in 1881, and with the proceeds take them off their hands, and pay them out again to its creditors, and thus keep them in circulation. By this or some similar process, the whole volume of Treasury notes might be issued and kept in circulation, to the mutual benefit of all concerned;—to the Government, by enabling it to use, the same as coin, the whole amount of Treasury notes which Congress placed at its disposal as its necessities required;—to the banks concerned, by the large amount of deposit left with them by the Government, upon the whole of which they would make the interest, less the average amount of non-paying-interest Treasury notes that they might have to carry—which we think would not be large after they had been once fairly put in circulation, and fully established in the confidence of the people.

To the people this arrangement would be exceedingly popular and desirable, as it would furnish them with a national instead of a local currency. The notes payable on demand would go into general circulation everywhere, and fill up in a measure the void caused by the sudden driving out and withdrawal of some $15,000,000 in the West, and the immense decrease in volume of currency in the Middle and Eastern states. The notes payable with interest would, as they floated about the country, reach the pockets of small capitalists by the thousand who will never subscribe to a patriotic loan, for lack of opportunity and other reasons. Such a note, bearing with it as it would wherever it went the confidence of the people, when it reached the pocket of friend or foe would be welcome, and would not be parted with so long as it could be retained. The consequence would be that all the interest-bearing notes would immediately be absorbed by the small and large capitalist. Indeed, we think, with the fact established that they would command the coin at the commercial centers with accrued interest, the Government might issue four times the amount ordered by Congress, and the country would take them all and "cry for more." This arrangement would allow patriotism and personal interest to move parallel with each other—*a very desirable union*. It has been remarked by a Southern statesman, "that the nerve of the pocket moved mankind," and we think he was nearly if not quite right in his opinion.

The fact established that the Government Treasury notes were "as good as gold," would inspire confidence in all its issues, whether of bond or note—whether payable in three years or twenty years; and we doubt not Government Sixes of 1881 would soon readily command par, if not a premium.

The banks could readily arrange through their clearing-houses to equalize the proportion of Treasury notes that each must carry of the whole sum resting at the close of each day's business. But this is a matter of detail which it is unnecessary to discuss here. All that is desired is to call attention to the fact that the Government must in the nature of things pay out its Treasury notes to its creditors, sooner or later. They would of course be paid out by the Government to the army, as they would be of the same value as coin, and could be more easily and safely sent to the families of soldiers. They would also be paid out for army supplies, in all parts of the country, thus saving the great expense of coin transportation.

The question then is, Shall these notes enter into circulation with credit to the Government and all concerned, and be gladly received everywhere? or shall they enter into circulation with impaired credit—be received everywhere with suspicion as to value—passed from one person to another as rapidly as possible, each holder anxious to get rid of them—carrying everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land discredit and dismay to all patriotic hearts? This ought not to be—must not be. Some arrangement must be devised by which these notes may be put on an equality with coin. If the plan herein suggested does not meet the case, (and we think it does,) then some other must be found. No kind of bills or notes can go into general circulation as money without they can be converted into coin at par or nearly so at any commercial center.

The country is in a state of war, and the Government should grapple with every financial question from a *practical stand-point*, and not allow old prejudices against a "national currency" to place a single straw in the way.

As our readers well know, we are opposed to a National Bank, but we are in favor of law and order and the Union and the glorious Constitution of our fathers, and don't care a rush for even our own "old notions" when our country is in danger. Now is the time to "take the responsibility" of doing in a plain, practical way just what is best under *existing circumstances*. Those who are for ever and ever hanging on to old theories "like a dog to a rout," will now please give us the means to kill out and for ever the most wicked rebellion the sun ever shone upon. When the war is over, *then* as now, a large dose of practical, sound common sense will be in order, and we will welcome into the field all the *theorists* in Christendom.

THE PROSPECT.

The subscription to the National Loan is exceedingly encouraging, and it is noteworthy that much of it is made in small sums. The fact is an evidence not only of the unshaken confidence of the people in the Administration, but that the persistent and desperate efforts made to lessen it by getting up a cry for peace, have been unavailing. It is not less observable that the increased activity of the Government, and its manifest determination to deal sternly with rebels, both North and South, meet with the most unmistakable assurance of support from the people. If the Government has ever had any doubt as to the temper of the North, it need doubt no longer for its most stringent measures are precisely those which are most popular.

Should the subscription to the loan go on with the same activity that it has done for some days past, there can be no doubt that the second installment of fifty millions will be taken by the banks on the 1st of October. If the second is taken, there can be little question as to the third; for, unless some great reverse overtakes us, the probability of which we are not disposed to admit, there will probably be, within the next month or six weeks, a renewed activity in business affairs which will in itself put at rest all doubt of a want of money to carry on the war. Let the apprehensions of a dull season, of a stagnation of trade, of commercial disaster, of the sufferings of poverty through a long and cruel winter, be dispersed and confidence take their place, and a stimulant from that cause alone will be given to the activity which will arise from other causes. With the return of public confidence business will necessarily revive. It is nearly three-quarters of a year since our merchants reduced their affairs to a war-footing, and the community entered upon a rigid course of economy to meet a condition of things which all saw, in a greater or less degree, was inevitable. To this, in some measure, is due the fact that money has been absolutely a drug, while at the same time the stock on hand of the thousand necessaries and luxuries of life, which in ordinary times make the business of a populous country, is exhausted. It is the creation and importation of these in a period of active consumption that makes what is called business. Now warehouses and stores are bare of almost everything which people use in a greater or less degree according to their circumstances. For all such articles there must be a large demand soon, as a returning prosperity shall warrant an increase of private expenditure. Demand begets supply, and when a feverish and apprehensive state which has held the public mind for months past shall yield to a measure of public confidence as to the future, a demand will be sure to arise which will give a new impetus to commerce.

It is in the power of the Government, to a large degree, to bring about this new state of things. Activity in the disbursement of money, a rapid settlement of accounts, even if occasionally the "red tape" is cut instead of being untied, will put funds into the hands of a multitude of people, set capital free for new uses, and leave profits free for investment, often, no doubt, in Government securities. The more rapidly public creditors, contractors, soldiers, and others are paid, and the more rapidly the machinery of war moves, the more quickly money finds its way round again into the banks. At the same time, the banks are relieved from the pressure of private creditors—who must resort to them for relief the longer they have to wait for their dues from Government—and are put, at once, in a position to meet the wants of the Government itself. We do not doubt the disposition of the several departments at Washington to urge their officials to the utmost activity, but the greater the energy, the more immediate will be the relief to and the effect upon the business of the country. There is money enough in the country, unsupplied wants enough, to create an active business, desire enough in the merchants to step in and fill up these gaps, and nothing wanting for a revival of prosperity but *confidence*. When the feeling becomes deeply rooted in the public mind that the Government has taken earnestly in hand its business of suppressing insurrection, then the people will turn with great energy to theirs of making money.

COTTON.

By February next the Liverpool market will, it is said, be cleared of American-grown cotton, and the spinners of Europe will have to look forward elsewhere for supplies. In a few weeks the price of the small stock here will rise, it is expected, to 30c., for which some holders are waiting. In the meanwhile some Providence manufacturers are preferring to ship their cotton to Europe. This is however a trivial matter.

The cotton world is undergoing a revolution which will be as remarkable as the great revolution in commerce from the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, which diverted the transport of Indian merchandise from the old routes to the newly discovered one.

This cotton revolution is rendered certain, and cannot be stemmed. It will happen whether war continue or not.

The cotton spinners of the world have at first to curtail their production. The mills will not be worked beyond daylight during the whole winter, and even then only about half time. The advance on the price of cotton is most wholesome, as insuring the needed supply from the distant producing countries, as well as economy of consumption; and before the final settlement in this country can possibly be effected, a regular supply from India will have been established of sufficient extent to supply the English market, and at a continually lowering level of cost, which will stand against all competition—this independently of large supplies from the West Indies and from Africa, which will doubtless be obtained in time. Capital is finding its way into all the cotton regions of the earth, and its force of momentum is so great, and is being so vigorously applied, as to remove all present difficulties. There is no monopoly of production. The world at large grows cotton. This cotton-clothed world demands its free production; and the world's spinners will obtain it from a new set of producers.

MONEY MARKET.

The feature of ease in the market which has prevailed so long continues, though with rather more activity of demand. The capitalists keep their funds unemployed, except in securities realizable at short periods. Call loans range from 4 to 6 per cent., and the demand is far below the tenders of supply.

There is very little doing in business paper. The names considered first-class are limited, and little is offered for discount. They are readily taken at 6 to 7 per cent.

There is much doing in the paper of some of the houses that have failed.

The rates of foreign exchange have slightly advanced, there being a better demand. Inks of sterling sixty-day banker's bills are held at 108. The receipts of specie from Europe are falling off. Our receipts of specie, however, have been very considerable, and our exports of produce exceed our imports of merchandise for the week no less than $1,200,000.

The bank returns of last week show a decrease of loans, specie, and deposits, but these do not include the payment made on Saturday of the 7 per cent. installment for the Treasury notes. Another installment has been called for, payable this week; so that the specie in bank will soon run down.

The subscriptions to the Treasury 7.30 per cent. notes are large in number, but of individually small amount. The country subscriptions are coming in more largely, so that the banks are enabled to indicate their readiness to take the second fifty millions. The progress of the loan is so far very satisfactory.

The following is the New York banks' statement of averages for the weeks ending as under:

Week ending	Sept. 7, 1861.	Aug. 31, 1861.	Differences.
Loans	$130,158,260	$141,086,484	Decrease $1,923,244
Specie	41,587,230	45,098,113	Decrease 3 210,883
Circulation	8,890,581	8,440,155	Increase 450,426
Deposits	114,091,061	120,436,010	Decrease 6,344,949
Exchanges	14,243,149	13,907,795	Increase 935,354
Proportion of coin to liabilities	34 6-100	34 99-100	Decrease 93-100

COMPARISON FOR THREE YEARS.

Week ending	Sept. 7, 1861.	Sept. 8, 1860.	Sept. 10, 1859.
Loans	$139,158,230	$127,090,939	$118,421,430
Specie	41,587,230	19,187,713	21,767,248
Circulation	8,890,581	9,538,824	8,573,002
Deposits	114,091,061	77,112,681	72,636,895
Exchanges	14,243,149	24,072,405	20,095,862
Proportion of coin to liabilities	34 6-100	24 90-100	29 94-100

There is a great improvement in the Western exchanges. Gold is reported at a premium of ¼@¾ per cent. at Chicago, and New York exchange at ¼ premium.

There are reports of a deficiency of yield in the wheat crops of Northern Illinois, Minnesota, Northern Iowa, and Southern Wisconsin. The receipts of wheat at Chicago from the 10th to the 31st August are much less than in the corresponding weeks of 1860.

The Chicago Tribune of the 5th inst. reports a falling off in the yield of wheat, which is substantiated to some extent by a comparison of the receipts of wheat in that city during the past month, this year and last. We give them below, week by week:

	1861. Bush.	1860. Bush.
Week ending August 10th	797,351	636,146
" " " 17th	551,120	938,303
" " " 24th	762,142	824,705
" " " 31st	637,613	89[illegible],446
Total	2,748,326	3,292,505

From the above table it will be seen that there is a falling off in the receipts of wheat during the past month, as compared with 1860, of nearly half a million bushels. But even these figures do not give an accurate view of the matter; for in the month of August, 1860, there was no old wheat in the country, and the receipts were entirely of the new crop. This year, however, fully one-half of the receipts in August were of the old crop. But, even with the surplus of the old and new crop together, there is a serious deficiency—while in the natural state of things there ought to be an increase.

With regard to winter wheat the reports are highly favorable. In the central counties of Illinois the yield is, on an average, fully twenty bushels to the acre; but the breadth sown was less than usual. In the southern counties the crop is also good, with the exception of some places where the army worm has lessened the yield.

The following is a comparative statement of the exports (exclusive of specie) from the port of New York to foreign ports, for the week ending Sept. 6th, and since Jan. 1st:

	1859.	1860.	1861.
For the week	$1,562,169	$1,867,457	$2 705,547
Previously reported	42,898,875	58,593,458	81,991,431
Since Jan 1st	$44,461,044	$60,456,915	$86,696,978

The following is the comparative statement of imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at the port of New York, for the week ending Sept. 6th, and since Jan. 1st:

Dry Goods	$2,010,966	$2,273,255	$832,301
General merchandise	1,774,636	2,156,216	689,484
Total	$3,785 602	$4,429,471	$1,521,785
Previously reported	177,749,703	165,403,267	92,009,451
Since Jan. 1st	$181,525,305	$169,832,738	$93,531,236

STOCKS.

The market has greatly improved during the past week as respects prices, but dullness still rules. The principal improvement has been in the value of Government stocks. The 6's of 1881 are firm at 90, and the 5's of 1876 at 80.

The six per cent. two-year Treasury notes, unable for duties, are in good demand, and have advanced to 98¾.

Subscriptions to the new 7.30 notes are received by banks and bankers. The Greenwich Bank has rendered itself conspicuous by refusing to pay its proportion of the loan taken by the banks. The other banks made up the deficiency.

There is very little speculation in stocks. Some of the habitual speculators have turned their attention from stocks to cotton, and have bought as much as they could get of the latter, holding for a further advance.

DRY GOODS.

Business continues to increase. The jobbers are busy, both in buying and selling, and large quantities of domestic goods are bought for the West and Northwest, as well as the near-by trade. Domestic prints are selling very readily at short credit, and for cash. The new styles take the market and all the fresh supplies sell on arrival. All cotton staple goods are in quick demand, and at rising prices. Large orders have been given, to arrive. The stocks on hand are getting low.

In woolens there is a great improvement, not only for army goods, but for goods of general consumption. Delaines, especially, are wanted, taking the place of silk dress goods to some extent. Prices have advanced considerably, and tend still upwards. Fancy cassimeres are also in quicker demand, and prices of the better qualities and new styles have advanced. There is a good assortment of new shawls, but the demand at present is but slight. A large consumption is expected in the absence of foreign supplies. In satinets, many speculative purchases have been made in view of higher prices. Flannels are also higher.

In foreign goods there is more activity, except in dress silk and other high quality fabrics. In black and plain silks a quiet steady business proceeds. In British and French woolens there are more sales. Coburgs, merinos, etc., are in demand, and sell well. French shawls sell quietly at auction. The stock of foreign cloths and cassimeres is much reduced. Fancy cassimeres are much inquired for, and heavy goods for winter wear are in request, but there are no new importations.

Some large sales of French dress goods and shawls have been effected at auction at low prices.

The remarkable feature of the fall trade is the large quantities of goods selling for cash and very short credits. One large house will not give credit over 90 days, and that only on certain kinds of goods. There is a great deal of money moving from hand to hand, and business has assumed a very lively aspect. Credit is, however, much restricted, and sellers are refusing to trust any houses known to sell any goods below cost. The restriction of credit acts more in the direction of shortening time than in indiscriminate refusals. Any parties showing their hand fairly, and making a good appearance, can obtain moderate credit. Discrimination is the order of the day. Small *pro rata* profits and quick returns are sought for.

For the week.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Entered at the port	$2,010,966	$2,273,255	$832,301
Thrown on market	2,005,065	2,345,436	1,118,028
Since Jan. 1st.			
Entered at the port	$86 929,891	$78,351,731	$35,051,930
Thrown on market	86,885,362	78,456,969	33,093,911

ITEMS.

—We understand that a German house is willing to subscribe for six millions of the 7 30 ₱ cent. Treasury notes, if the interest is made payable at Frankfort. This cannot be done without authority from Congress.

—The money markets of England and France are growing easier. The accumulation of specie is proceeding steadily, and Government funds are once more advancing in price. The large Indian loans have been paid up, and the new capital constantly being created out of savings is seeking investment, carrying down rates. Another decline in the Bank of England rate of discount, which is now four per cent., is shortly expected. The money hitherto sent here for the purchase of cotton is now being sent elsewhere.

—The exports from New York continue large, but the French are the principal buyers of grain just now. How will France et tobacco this year from the South?

REVIEW OF THE MARKET

This Review is written, and our Prices Current are corrected weekly by an experienced man, expressly for this journal, and may be relied on as correct.

ASHES.—The market has ruled steady for Pots, but Pearls have declined, closing in moderate request at $5 25 for both descriptions. The stock in the inspection warehouse on the 10th inst. was—

	POTS.		PEARLS.	
1st sort	504	1st sort	164	
2d "	88	2d "	25	
3d "	22	3d "	41	
Condemned	20	Condemned	2	
	634		232	
Total, 866 bbls.				

The following table shows the comparative statement of receipts from Jan. 1st to Sept. 1, 1861:

	POT.	PEARL.	TOTAL.
1860	$14,249	$3,618	$17,867
1861	11,890	2,709	14,599
Decrease	2,359	909	3,268

BEESWAX.—The market is quiet for Yellow, but steady; sales of 2,000 lbs. at 29@30c.

CANDLES.—The demand is confined to retail lots at 16@17c. for Adamantine, and 30@40c. for Plain and Patent Sperm.

CHEMICALS.—There have been no transactions to note in this market, but prices are well sustained.

COPPER.—American Ingot is in limited demand, but firm; sales of 25,000 lbs. Lake Superior at 19¼@19½c. cash. Manufactured is quiet at 23@24c. for New Sheathing, and 18c. for Yellow Metal.

DYEWOODS.—The market is dull. The only sale we hear of is 30 tons Honduras Logwood at $19.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The past week we have had considerable irregularity and variableness in the market for Western Canal flour. The variable news from Europe, the rapid changes in foreign freights, and the limited receipts of sound state brands, have greatly restricted business, preventing the execution of many orders. Much of the state flour to hand this week has been rejected as unsound—ground from unsound wheat. This we regard as unfortunate, coming at this season of the year, when the new flour is beginning to arrive quite freely; but very little of this "poor stuff" has been taken for export, and it should be distinctly and widely known that this was ground entirely from old wheat. The better grades of flour are very plenty; the superior quality of the new arriving causes it to attract very general attention; but the supply is largely in excess of the wants of the home trade, and prices have again declined, and much irregularity and depression prevailed early in the week. Since then, the demand has improved. The removal of the duty on wheat and corn in France has served to stimulate the local demand, and the market at the close is firmer. Shipping brands of Round Hoop Extra Ohio have been comparatively well maintained, and are not plenty. The demand has proved good for the West Indies and Central and South American markets. Canadian flour has been in moderate demand and the high grades have declined, while common brands have improved under limited supplies, but have not sold freely, and are quite unpopular with the trade. Southern flour ruled very dull up to Tuesday, when a better demand prevailed for good brands, but at irregular prices. The demand has been confined chiefly to the home trade.

GRAIN.—Since our last week's review the arrivals of Wheat have been moderate, owing to the late break in the Erie Canal, and a good business has been done to arrive, mainly for France. This demand has exceeded the general expectation, and there cannot be any doubt that their crop of Wheat is extremely short, —not far from twenty per cent.,—and the late advices thence, per Africa, of the free admission of Wheat and Corn confirm in some measure our estimate of the deficiency. Our letters from the Northwest the past week, in alluding to the crops, say the disappointment is very general in regard to the yield of Wheat on threshing, and this is confirmed by the falling off in the receipts thus far this month at Chicago and Milwaukee, as compared with same time last year; and this cannot fail to exert some influence here at an early day. The want of small vessels has greatly checked the demand for Irish ports, and the advance in freights to Havre and the Continent generally has prevented the execution of many orders. Prime Spring Wheat has been the most saleable, and is in limited supply, and at the close prices tend upward. Barley has been sparingly offered, and, in the absence of sales of moment, prices are nominal. Barley Malt has been in good request, and is firm, with large sales at 75@80c. ₱ bush. Oats have been in good demand, and, with light receipts and a very small stock on hand, holders have maintained prices. Rye has improved; is scarce and much wanted in Germany. Canadian Peas are scarce and in demand at 70@75c. ₱ bush. White Beans are steady and in good demand at $1 70@$1 90, and large Marrow at $195 @$2. Corn has fluctuated considerably; the arrivals have been variable, and with changeable advices from Europe, and rapid variations in freights, the business has been restricted, although at the close, with a good export and speculative demand, prices tended upward, with a small stock in store.

GUNNY BAGS.—There is no change to notice. Sales of 125 bales at 11¾c., less 4 per ct. for cash.

GUNNY CLOTH.—The market is quiet. Sales of 50 bales at 9¾c. cash.

IRON.—The market is quiet for all descriptions. Small sales of Scotch Pig at $20 50@$22 ₱ ton, and No. 1 American at $18. Sales also of 100 packs Russia Sheet at a price equal to 15c. ₱ lb. cash, and 20 cases Belgian Charcoal at 7¾c. cash.

LEAD.—There is no inquiry for Pig owing to the firmness of holders, who are asking $5 50@$5 55 ₱ ton for Spanish and Galena.

NAVAL STORES.—The market is inactive for all descriptions. We quote Crude Turpentine nominally at $10@$12, and Spirits do. at $1 25. The market for Common Rosin is lower, and prices tend downwards—holders offering at $4 00 per 310 lbs., with no buyers. The better goods are neglected, and are nominal.

OILS.—Continue in limited demand at 58@60c. for Linseed, 42@45c. for Crude Whale, $1 10 for Dark Crude Sperm, $1 20@$1 25 for fair to good do., and $3 00@$3 75 for Olive, quarts and pints.

PROVISIONS.—There has been more activity in Pork since our last. The demand has been quite general, mainly for the Government, and the stock shows a material falling off, and is quite out of proportion to the demand, which, with the improvement in all branches of business, has greatly increased, and much more firmness is noticeable at